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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Just Barely

★ People who don't follow Congress regularly probably don't realize how close many key decisions are. That's the story of the 87th Congress, and of why the midterm election is important. Kennedy got elected by an eyelash; instead of getting the normal increase in party membership in Congress Democrats lost 20 seats. Probably they were lost because of the religious issue. The loss made a whale of a difference. In the close balance that followed one cliffhanger vote has succeeded another.

Just consider the past week: The House passed a modified farm bill, 202-197. The Administration squeaked by with five votes. The House rejected the college aid bill by 28 votes, three-fourths of the "noes" coming from Republicans. Theoretically, at any rate, if Kennedy had won and not lost those 20 seats in 1960 (a spread of 40 seats) he could have got college aid.

Again, the House lacked a bare 7 votes of the necessary two-thirds required to pass a new McCarthy-type anti-Communist security program to be applied to private industry. Fortunately the bill failed but here again it was extraordinarily close. Over in the Senate, meanwhile, the trade bill got through with a thumping majority, the most important single bill since election and a magnificent Kennedy victory. In reading how the bill passed, 78-8, you probably didn't realize that the key fight came on a GOP composite (Bush) amendment limiting presidential tariff-cutting authority. The amendment was rejected by just two votes (38-40).

As we say, this extraordinarily narrow margin has been the story for two years. Right at the start of his Presidency Kennedy managed to get the House to curb the Rules Committee – by a bare five votes! The curb was only partially successful but the Administration never had enough votes to tighten it. (Incidentally, the curb ends when Congress quits and Rules will go back to its old power of obstruction next year if Kennedy loses seats in the election.)

We have often been impatient with Kennedy for not taking a tougher line with Congress. Yet, on balance, we have to admit that the cumulative two-year legislative record is impressive – nay, brilliant, if the obdurate material is considered! The success is obscured because Kennedy reached for so much more than he got – school aid, medicare, jobless benefits extension. But the accomplishments are genuine.

Now comes the election and the issue is, How fast does the electorate want the country to move in the next two years? Statistically, the odds are all against Kennedy. The "In" party normally loses an average of about 39 seats at midterm, and it has lost *some* seats at every midterm election save one in this century. On the other hand, the religious issue seems about dead and it can be argued that Kennedy's "normal" midterm loss was discounted by his failure to win seats in 1960.

Turning the Other Cheek

★ The irritating thing is that Kennedy, like other Presidents, feels now that he must give his blessing to all Democrats, even Southern conservatives who fight his every reform. It is an odd system! For once a realistic description of it came from Senator Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) in Milwaukee last week: "A very large proportion of the ostensible Democrats in Congress are not really Democrats at all but are really Republicans in disguise or they wear political false faces." It was good to have somebody like Douglas say out loud that 65 to 70 of the 100 Southern congressmen, and about 16 of the 22 Southern senators, "vote with the Republicans."

Anyone who blurts out the truth is apt to be unpopular: When Douglas carried the point to the Senate floor last week and noted that Democratic liberals saved the Administration in the 2-vote defeat of the Bush amendment whereas Southern conservatives voted for it, it raised the blood pressure of elegant Senator Smathers (D, Fla.), acting as temporary majority leader. Smathers denounced the "self-serving declaration" from Douglas, whom he called the spokesman of "this little self-appointed liberal group . . . the so-called, self-styled liberal group." The little group, in other words, that normally backs the President.

Adlai at His Best

★ The high point for us last week was Adlai Stevenson's commemorative speech on the Emancipation Proclamation before the Lincoln Memorial. It was Stevenson at the top of his form; it was magnificent. In essence what he said was that Lincoln, even in the depth of the Civil War, never saw opponents as all-bad, his own side as all-good. He never "stooped to the cheap rhetoric of the patriotic occasion." Consequently he was, as Stevenson recalled, accused of "weakness, even of treachery, because he could not go along with the single-minded jingoism of much of the propaganda of his day."

What is it about Stevenson that is so very special? It is, I think, that most of us still yearn for the American Dream (whether we know it or not) and that Stevenson can touch the chords that evoke it. So many try and fail! – self-servers say the words and make us want to retch; lesser figures say them but lack the richness, fervor and power. The man who writes songs for a nation is more important than the man who writes laws; Stevenson does have that rare power of uttering singing words.

Notes

★ The House cut in foreign aid seemed to us really a failure of nerve. In our view (and let's be dogmatic about it) there is not going to be a nuclear war. The Cold War will be decided on the economic front – whichever side has the longest purse and the will to use it. We have the money; but the will – ? After 15 years Congress is weary of sacrifices; it is so much easier to pass resolutions against Cuba than to send money to India. Meanwhile, as Chancellor of the Exchequer Maudling said here, "the national output of Russia is going ahead at a *disturbing* rate."

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Talk About Berlin

Why is Berlin back in the news? Because Mr. Khrushchev has put it there, repeating on September 11 that "the occupation in West Berlin must be liquidated and . . . will be liquidated." But he has been saying that since November 1958, at which time he set a six-month deadline for the signing of a peace treaty. Now, when Mr. Khrushchev's mouth-piece, Herr Ulbricht, mentions a deadline, as he did in Leipzig on September 14, the reference is deleted in the published version of his speech. Is the situation any more critical than it was a year ago when the Communists sealed off the escape hatches through which valuable East German manpower was seeping into the West? The economy and morale of West Berlin have not collapsed. Nor has the Ulbricht regime, though it continues to be depressed by a labor and consumer goods shortage and by lagging productivity. Trade between East and West Germany goes on. Although 75 percent of East Germany's foreign trade has been with the Communist camp, chiefly with the Soviet Union, 12 percent is with West Germany. Indeed, the official East German economic journal said in July, 1961, that "the development of several branches of industry in the GDR is still dependent to a decisive degree upon deliveries in West Germany" and warned against the "chain reaction" that any interruption of these deliveries could have for the entire East German economy. That dependence has not changed, and it is in the West's interest to strengthen, not weaken it. This spring, Herr Ulbricht expressed interest in having further financial credits from West Germany, though the East Germans now have a $25 million balance of payments surplus in West Germany and another unused 100 million marks available for purchases of West German goods.

None of this reads like a tale of imminent disaster, especially when one adds the fact that the prestige of the Soviet Union would not be enhanced by any "peace conference" attended only by members of the Soviet bloc and a few stray friends. The cause for alarms that are being sounded must be sought elsewhere. It lies in the West's fear that the *status quo* in West Berlin would come under renewed attack if a separate treaty is signed. It is fear of what *might* happen.

Mr. Kennedy has said that "Soviet action cannot unilaterally affect our rights . . . in Berlin." But he does not know whether or how the Communists will interfere with the exercise of those rights. What if, as was predicted last week by a defecting East German army lieutenant-colonel, East German troops are placed on an urgent alert

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as soon as there is a Soviet-East German peace treaty?

Now, the replacement of Soviet inspectors by East German "agents" poses new dangers only in so far as the new "authorities" choose deliberately to liquidate West Berlin as a free city. They could, for example, cut off utilities which now serve all Berlin. They could introduce complicated procedures to delay and discourage civilian traffic from West Germany to West Berlin. They could, though only at the risk of war, attempt to slow down or stop allied air traffic.

But if one excludes war as a deliberate choice, Mr. Khrushchev appears to have three alternatives. First, he can go on saying something must be done to remove the vestiges of World War II without doing much about it. Second, he could give up his main demand for withdrawal of allied troops. He could go further and incorporate into a treaty with Ulbricht an explicit guarantee of rights the West deems essential. It might then be possible to negotiate an international agreement for access which would include some kind of *de facto* recognition of the East German state. Or third, Mr. Khrushchev can unleash Ulbricht, sign a separate treaty, turn over to the East Germans full authority to police land and air routes to Berlin and do whatever else they please on their own territory. This risky alternative (for the Soviet Union as well as the West) has been described as a "collision course."

Must the second of these alternatives be discarded as way beyond the possible? How much of a bone in Khrushchev's throat are these allied troops in Berlin? The 11,000 men (plus the 1500 the President dispatched at the height of the crisis last summer) are encircled by 22 Soviet divisions. West Berlin has no German troops of its own and there are no troops of the Federal Republic in the city. Allied soldiers cannot be withdrawn, for if they were a large number of the two and a half million West Berliners would flee, and "liquidation" of the city would have been accomplished. Khrushchev knows that, and knows that the West knows it. The Russians themselves have made it impossible for the Berliners to visualize life without the protection of these forces. They must remain.

TO OUR READERS

THE NEW REPUBLIC's date of publication is to be changed from Monday to Saturday, permitting subscribers to receive the magazine earlier in the week. The next issue after the one dated Monday, October 8 will be dated Saturday, October 20.

However, while Gromyko has insisted in his talks with Secretary Rusk that allied forces pull out, he has said also that in the event a separate treaty is signed, "You will have to deal with the East Germans." That statement has no meaning if a peace treaty were to be construed as an ultimatum, for then there would be nothing to deal with the East Germans about. He appears to mean that the question of troops is secondary to the question of recognition. If that interpretation is correct, there is something he and Mr. Rusk can explore further: some form of *de facto* recognition is not incompatible with the maintenance of unimpeded access, freedom of Western Berlin or the presence of a US garrison.

Yet the fact is that talks between Washington and Moscow have made little progress. Is this wholly because of Soviet intransigence? It is not. In part, it is because additional demands have been made by Bonn.

On November 29, 1961, Chancellor Adenauer said that the following principles (all additional to the three US essentials mentioned above) must be observed: 1 – security of the Federal Republic; 2 – maintenance of existing political, legal and economic ties between Berlin and the Federal Republic, including free access for the civilian population (which in effect means the dismantling of the wall); 3 – reunification, non-recognition of the Soviet zone regime, and settlement of frontier questions in a peace treaty with a united Germany (meaning the rejection of the Oder-Neisse frontier in the East).

These demands rule out according any "respect" for East German sovereignty by, say, permitting East Germans to participate in an international access authority or in mixed all-German commissions that could be created. The official Bonn view is that *any* degree of recognition by the West would deepen the partition of Germany and represent a victory for the Soviets in their long-term policy of weakening German confidence in the Atlantic alliance.

How then is German reunification to come about? The Communists are not going to give up what they have, nor would a war of liberation reunite the country; it would destroy it. What avenues to peaceful reunification are open? The answer is already discernible in existing all-German technical commissions and in the limited trade and travel that now goes on between the two Germanys. If the lines of communication were to be strengthened and multiplied, this fracture in the middle of Europe would be given at least a chance of slowly mending. In the long run, this is the only hope for all Germans. At present, however, a majority of West German politicians, including those of the opposition, do not see it this way. And so long as that is true, Secretary Rusk cannot seriously negotiate any Berlin settlement.

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No to the Schools

After three months of stalemate, Senate and House conferees finally compromised on a $2.3 billion five year Higher Education bill that would have authorized the federal government to provide approximately $180 million a year in matching grants for building college libraries and laboratories, $120 million a year in low interest loans for building college classrooms, approximately $95 million for long-term loans to undergraduates, and approximately $24 million a year for "forgiveable" loans (*i.e.*, scholarships dressed up to look like loans until after graduation day).

The bill was rejected by the House 214-186 three days after the House conferees had voted 6-1 to accept it. It was opposed by 130 Republicans and 84 (largely Southern) Democrats.

If the defeat merely meant that American colleges would have to raise their own money for libraries, laboratories, and classrooms, it would not be very serious. It is harder to raise money for bricks and mortar from state legislatures and private philanthropists than to write to Washington, but it is not impossible. Likewise if the defeat meant that undergraduates had to borrow money from banks and college loan funds instead of the government, the loss would not be irremediable. As for the $24 million in scholarships, their value would have been greatly reduced by the ruse of calling them forgiveable loans. The nomenclature didn't fool the Congress, but it would have fooled many working-class families – families reluctant to go deeply into debt to finance anything as intangible as education.

The real importance of the House vote is that it may have convinced the White House that a Catholic President cannot pass a major piece of educational legislation. If a bill helps the Catholics, it is vetoed by Southerners with fundamentalist constituents; if it doesn't help the Catholics, it is vetoed by Northerners who dare not antagonize parochial school parents.

Thus, the prospects for major educational legislation would be bleak if the educators could agree on what they wanted. But they don't agree. This bill was supported by the American Council on Education, which represents colleges and universities in Washington, but was opposed by the National Education Association, which represents public schools. The NEA feared that grants to church colleges for libraries and laboratories would set a precedent for similar "categorical" grants to parochial schools.

Is there no hope for any useful legislation in the next few years? Not much. The best bet now seems to be something along the lines of the Administration's Quality Education bill, which would establish special institutes to retrain teachers and develop better curric-

Footnotes *to the* Week

KATANGA PRESIDENT Moise Tshombe cites two new armed clashes to fortify his claim that he is being forced to negotiate "under duress" with Leopoldville on a federal Congolese Constitution. Delegates had hardly arrived in Katanga for negotiations last week when Tshombe broadcast charges of a central government paratroop invasion in the remote interior. The shooting down of a UN reconnaissance plane was also blamed on Leopoldville, which in turn described the affair as a Tshombe stunt. —— POST-MORTEMS *on the Teddy-Eddie contest show exceptions to the Kennedy sweep in the college towns of Amherst and Williamstown and silk-stocking centers such as Weston and Lincoln. McCormack found no luck in the Negro, Italian and Jewish wards of Boston, which he had cultivated as Attorney General.* —— NEXT YEAR'S DEFENSE battle – noisier than the RS-70 affair – may be over the Air Force program to develop the 1,500-mile, air-to-ground Skybolt missile. The Skybolt is scheduled to be fitted on US B-52's and British V-bombers around 1964, and if it were to perform as advertised, these aging bombers might be able to compete with Soviet anti-aircraft missiles for several more years. But Pentagon skeptics point out that there are unresolved technical problems in the use of the missile and that reconnaissance satellites and Minutemen missiles can do much the same job – perhaps for less money. —— "DOING A YATES" *is a new phrase heard around the White House. It is a delicate substitute for "doing a job" on someone who deserves better, in this case popular Democrat Sidney Yates, now campaigning against Everett Dirksen for the Senate but receiving half-hearted support from the Administration. The President is scheduled to go to Illinois October 19 to give three speeches for the party, thus keeping up appearances, but Senator Douglas complained on the Senate floor last week that "in the State of Illinois, where we are trying to elect a progressive Democrat, the efforts of the Senatorial leadership have been to defeat him." He had in mind Sen. Mansfield's and Sen. Humphrey's warm words of praise recently for Dirksen. When the President opened the baseball season, it was Dirksen he invited to sit beside him.* —— INDIAN CONSERVATIVE leader Morarji Desai conferred for an hour with the President on September 20. The meeting attracted interest against the background of Prime Minister Nehru's recent illness. Finance Minister Desai – in Washington for the World Bank meetings – is the principal aspirant to the succession in New Delhi among business-oriented politicians in the right wing of the governing Congress Party. But his influence has slipped since he lost control of the Congress in his home state of Gujarat.

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ula. These institutes would be secular, but would be open to teachers from both public and parochial schools. Although the Quality Education bill was not a priority item this session, and is now almost certain to die in committee, it will be back next January.

Massachusetts

"I see by th' pa-apers that Tiddy's done it," said Mr. Dooley, "and what can ye expict fr'm a man that niver was taught annything better thin that he could do annything he wanted to without bein' called down f'r it?"

" 'Tis a grand name, Tiddy," said Mr. Hennessy, "but I thought he was dead. What's he done now?"

"Tiddy Kinnidy, not Tiddy Roosvelt," said Mr. Dooley, "and he's swung a flatiron on inither Dimicrat's head."

"No," cried Mr. Hennessy. "Who?"

"The Attorney General," replied Mr. Dooley, "Iddy McCormack."

"That's turrible," said Hennessy. "Why didn't Iddy put Tiddy in th' clink before the fight started?"

" Twudent have done Iddy any good," said Mr. Dooley. "On the very same day the people iv Boston elicted an Eyetalian to the state house while he was sittin' in the county jail."

"What had the poor man done," asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Pinched $983 from the state treashur-ry for pavin' the sidewalks," said Mr. Dooley, "but he niver paved the sidewalks."

"Tisn't much money," said Mr. Hennessy.

" 'Tisn't much of an office they elicted him to," said Mr. Dooley.

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "the voters is crool, elictin' a misguided man to public office f'r stealin'. It's an unu-usual punishment."

"Wud you spare Tiddy," Mr. Dooley asked.

"Not me," said Mr. Hennessy, "Ye can't say no to a Kinnidy, not 'til he's elicted. Tiddy's me man."

"Why," asked Mr. Dooley.

"Ye said he was a Dimicrat, didn't ye," said Mr. Hennessy, "and innyway the Sinit's a grand place f'r a young man with ambition."

"Yiv a kind heart," said Mr. Dooley.

"And besides," said Mr. Hennessy, "The Sinit'll be good f'r him. Win me brither got a wallup f'r comin' home a little th' worst iv it, so did I. He was no better than me. Win Jawn's on tellyvision and restin' his back in a padded rocker in the White House, wud ye have Tiddy walkin' the streets lookin' f'r wur-rk?"

"I niver thought of that," said Mr. Dooley.

"Iv course ye didn't," said Mr. Hennessy, "Ye niver had a brither. But if me brither's not me keeper, what's th' use of him? It's family life we've got to wur-ry about."

"I am working through the ranks. I'm starting with the Senate."

The Moderate Mr. Passman

The temper of the House on September 20 can be gauged from the fact that Rep. Otto Passman (D, La.), found himself for one rather surprised moment cast in the role of a moderate in a debate on foreign aid. Mr. Passman's Appropriations Subcommittee had been responsible for reductions in the aid budget totalling $1.24 billion, but even he was shouted down when he cautioned that a loosely-drafted amendment banning aid to countries whose merchant shipping carries "war and economic materials" to Cuba "might do great harm to the program."

There was not a single voice raised in behalf of the President's request for reversal of the Subcommittee cuts. Although much more (38 percent) had been cut from the authorization of $1.24 billion for development loans than from the projected $1.5 billion in military hardware grants (13 percent), the pressure from the floor was mainly for further reductions in various cate-

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gories of economic assistance. It was when an amendment to send the bill back to committee for $100 million in economic aid cuts came within 13 votes of passage that the Democratic leadership decided to take no chances on a floor fight and to shift the full responsibility to the Senate. The rationale for this capitulation is that explicit House rejection of efforts to restore the cuts would have tied the hands of the conference committee, which might now be free to accept what it is hoped will be a more satisfactory Senate bill. However, the Administration has asked for Senate restoration of less than half ($200) of the cuts in development loans, and it is the custom of conference committees to split the difference between the House and Senate figures.

The coincidence of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund meetings with the House debate offered the President a graceful opportunity to reinforce the case for aid. Instead, he chose the occasion to press for enlarged West European assistance to the developing countries and thus to provide a high-sounding excuse for Congressional opponents of aid. The proposition that the US is carrying a disproportionate share of what the President described repeatedly as the "burden" of aid was understandably taken as a justification for cutting back the US program.

Do-It-Yourself Spying

Whatever the law or good taste may say about eavesdropping, spies, Red-hunters and junior G-men can order the gadgetry they need for the practice of their surreptitious craft by writing to advertisers in a monthly publication that bills itself as the "world's largest-selling electronics magazine." Under the heading "Be a Spy" one firm offers a "correspondence course on wire tapping, bugging, telescopic sound pickup, recording techniques, microphotography, and invisible photography. Lessons in surveillance, tailing, and use of equipment. Complete course $22.50." Another advertiser offers a "supersensitive directional microphone [which] picks up faint sounds at 300 feet. Detects sound through ordinary walls. Easily built for $7.00. No electronic experience necessary."

In the same vein, a shop-by-mail merchant in Hollywood will help you "Eavesdrop with a pack of cigarettes. Miniaturized FM radio transmitter. Complete diagrams and instructions, $2.00."

There are also ads for amateurs who can't read plans and are not handy with a soldering iron: "Surveillance, investigators' equipment, bugging devices, information guide lists wholesale and retail sources. Save half on some items." If the would-be private eye-and-ear to whom this appeal is addressed investigates the index of any catalog of the numerous electronics supply houses that flourish throughout the land he will find the basic gadgetry listed in ready-to-use form or in separate parts that can be wired together to make the most sophisticated types of wiretapping apparatus.

Neither night nor walls nor distance guarantee privacy against persons with a modicum of technical information. The field is open to any busybody with a knowledge of high-school science, a few radio parts catalogs, or a copy of one of these popular electronics magazines and a few dollars for the necessary materials.

As for the police, they not only practice these methods themselves, often without warrant of law; they are joined by private detectives. In the classified telephone directory of the Washington, D. C., area, one of the latter offers "discreet use of telephoto and electronic equipment for evidence." Another says he is "using the latest electronic equipment," and the third sells "scientific car trailing, especially adapted photographic and sound equipment, expert surveillance under unusual circumstances."

Those College Speakers

A new book by J. Edgar Hoover to be published October 1, *A Study of Communism*, is represented by the publishers, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, as "designed for the general reader as well as for students in high schools and colleges."

In and of itself, that much is standard promotional procedure, but the Holt announcement does not stop there: "The book's appearance now is most timely. The Communists are presently engaged in a systematic campaign to attract the attention of American young people. Party leaders have been appearing as speakers on college campuses across the country, expounding Communist ideology and asserting the supremacy of the Communist way of life."

Have they? If so, the fact ought to be communicated without delay to Mr. Hoover, together with the names of such leaders and the dates and places of their appearances. To be a "Party leader" is to be a member of the Communist Party, and at least one person is in jail for his active membership in the Party.

The Holt statement says Mr. Hoover's new book "was written in response to numerous requests for a handbook on the nature of Communism, which would enable Americans to be better prepared to fight this menace and preserve their basic heritage of freedom."

When the late James Branch Cabell was a 16-year-old college freshman, he wrote that "life itself is both short and endurable; it is the platitudes concerning it that are insufferable and eternal."

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Lung-Power vs Brain-Power

Freedom House, the foundation set up by admirers of the late Wendell Willkie, has recently issued a manifesto that it calls "a guide for *responsible* anti-Communists." No doubt we need one.

It is admirable – moderate in tone, logical in argument, lucid in presentation except at one point. Its theme is that Communism is the enemy only because it is what mathematicians would call a special case of a general theorem. The general theorem is totalitarianism, which manifested itself as Fascism in Italy, as Nazism in Germany and as Communism in Russia. Or, as the Freedom House manifesto puts it: "The Communist conspiracy is a counterrevolutionary movement on the reactionary right – the totalitarian twin brother of Fascism and Nazism."

There is the point at which the document falls short of lucidity. In this connection "conspiracy" is a foggy word. A conspiracy, says Webster, is an agreement among men to do an unlawful act. Concealment is of its essence, for the success of a conspiracy depends upon taking the victim by surprise. But there is nothing furtive about Communism. When Khrushchev said, "we will bury you," he didn't whisper it to his accomplices in a dark cellar, he proclaimed it from a public platform in broad daylight. Communism is not so much a conspiracy as it is a defiance.

The point is worth noting because calling a thing by the wrong name is a failure in communication, and failure in communication is one of the heavy handicaps of the modern world. A defiance may be every whit as dangerous as a conspiracy, but it offers a different kind of danger, which calls for a different kind of defense. Exposure is usually the ruin of a conspiracy, but can you "expose" a neon-lighted billboard 40 feet high? Can you "expose" a steam calliope going down the street with every whistle wide open? No more can you "expose" Communism, shouting from the housetops what it proposes to do to us.

But totalitarianism in its Communistic, or at least its Russian Communistic, aspect differs from its other manifestations if not in its ultimate purpose, yet in its method of operation. Hitler proposed to destroy us with brute force, so with brute force we destroyed him. If Russia should try the same method we should have no choice but to meet it in the same way. But when Hitler was buried under the ruins of his own flaming capital the lesson was not lost upon Russia; and thus far, at least, she has relied mainly upon methods less insane than Hitler's.

For us to have tried to meet Hitler's panzer armies with diplomatic maneuvers would have been sheer madness; but it would be no less irrational for us to meet Russia's diplomatic maneuvers with tanks. Nor is it better sense to try to meet an economic and ideological frontal assault with means of defense that would be effective against a conspiracy. Yet if we keep calling the thing a conspiracy, we risk deluding ourselves into using the wrong means to repel it.

Repeating "Communist conspiracy" today is at bottom a resort to word-magic. "Conspiracy" is pejorative, therefore it appeals to shallow minds cherishing the superstition that cursing the enemy damages him. So does the equally superstitious notion that you can kill an idea with gunfire. It can't be done, not even with a silver bullet.

The only real success that the Russians have thus far gained against the free world was achieved by fighting with ideas. The idea of escape from colonialism has won more ground for them than all their artillery. On our side, the idea embodied in the Marshall Plan smashed their effort to achieve the economic conquest of Europe. The idea embodied in Truman's Point Four and expressed in many activities, from economic assistance to the Peace Corps, has halted their progress at a dozen points. The National Security Agency does not appear to have saved a single acre from them.

The trouble about fighting with ideas is that it calls for brains as well as guts, while fighting with spells and incantations requires nothing more than brazen lungs; and it is sadly evident that many of our public figures are far more liberally endowed with lung-power than with brain-power.

So it is more than merely depressing, it is a little alarming to find people who are not only intelligent, but highly intelligent, falling even momentarily into the idiom of the hex-doctors. But "Communist conspiracy" is one of the phrases dearly beloved of the numbskulls who think that hard words can substitute for hard thinking against an adversary who may, as they say, be lacking in basic intelligence but who is abundantly supplied with shrewdness and ingenuity, backed by colossal nerve.

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Cuba–Why the Russians Are There

The versions of self-enthrallment are many. One, well liked at the Capitol, combines the best elements of mutually exclusive notions. It proposes a peaceable blockade on Cuba, awarding us prerogatives of belligerency without its pains and responsibilities. Other governments would acquiesce in our wish to have matters both ways. Ships would be submitted to our visits and searches and their destinations changed at our demand. We could enjoy the benefits of war without being forced to fire a shot – a beautiful dream.

A columnist discerns in events a pattern of historic reciprocity: Cuba is turn-about for Greece and Turkey. We are to watch the contest like disinterested spectators high in the stands. Never mind if the ones in red jerseys make some touchdowns now, for our team had the ball in their part of the field too. It's all good sport to be viewed from Olympian eminence.

The Administration also invokes a broad view. Berlin – not Cuba – is the danger spot, as if there couldn't be two. It takes a cue from *The King and I:*

> . . . I hold my head erect
> And whistle a happy tune
> So no one will suspect
> I'm afraid.

The happy tune emphasizes the defensive character of the military preparations and the technician status of the Soviet forces in Cuba.

Technician is a handy sort of Milltown word – a euphemism covering fighting men sent abroad as tactical instructors and weapons specialists to act on the military environment in another land. Such an undertaking is deep and pervasive under conditions imposed by modern weapons systems. This Russian training mission has the look of a permanent fix. Presumably it will mould the 13,000 or so men from Castro's original insurgent force and the quarter-million or so of the peasant militia into a cogent military force with a unity based on a common discipline and doctrine.

A defensive undertaking? One could call it that. The speculatively hopeful term does not tell us much. No attack on New York, New Orleans, Cape Canaveral, Miami, the Canal or probably even Guantanamo is foreseeable. That is not the point. Such a force will foreclose the possibility of a domestic rising against Castro. The lingering active resistance to the regime will presumably be snuffed out. The political import of civil discontent will diminish. The underpinnings of the regime can be prepared in such depth as to rule out selective assassination as a means of redress and reform. One can suppose the Russians are there to make Communism stick, with or without Castro or any other particular personage.

Castro and Cuba are finally and fully stuck with a label and an association hostile to the environment. The Russians can scarcely renounce the undertaking now without acknowledging a failure of enormous magnitude.

For the first time the Soviets have formed a common military front with a Communist state overseas and sitting next to the United States. Khrushchev and Castro must have approached the project with trepidation, studied it with caution, and then undertaken it finally with a sense of assurance of getting away with it – notwithstanding our President's pledge, in the immediate sequel to the boggle at the Bay of Pigs, that the United States would never abandon Cuba to Communism.

The events have negligible military significance and involve only our prestige, a Bishop assured me. Why *only*? Prestige is the faculty enabling a great power to avoid final, miserable choices between surrender and war. Prestige is the ingredient of authority in international affairs. One may point up its meaning by an account of a geneticist who crossed a tiger with a parrot. When asked about the results of the experiment, he replied: "When it talks, I listen." The quality which demands being listened to is prestige – and a nation suffers loss of it at great peril.

These Cuban developments are a big thing. We should acknowledge them as such with the public candor of General Joe Stilwell after a debacle in Burma: "I claim we got a hell of a beating. . . . It's humiliating as hell. . . ." Only thus can we make a start on seeing our way clearly to next steps.

All too likely is that our attention will be diverted by other and happier tunes. There is always room for solace in some marginal event. One is reminded of the case of a man who dropped dead at Brighton after two weeks of a rest cure on the beach. "He got a wonderful suntan," said the man's brother viewing him at the mortuary. "Yes," the widow concurred, "that last fortnight did him a world of good."

Policy goes on pledging a stand at some deferred barricade. What inhibits policy in such matters as Cuba – and this shows in reluctance to draw issues and in dreams of drawing them without risk – is consciousness of perils inherent in the hitting power and range of contemporary weapons, linked with an outlook once described by Ortega y Gasset: "Modern morality has cultivated a sentimental standard by which anything

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becomes preferable to the thought of dying. Life is thus prolonged in proportion as it is not used. It gains extension at the cost of vitality."

We assure ourselves of the adversary's similar basic preference for peace. This gives us comfort but no purchase. Our position is like that of a peaceable character in a TV Western facing an opponent disposed to wear his guns ostentatiously, to boast of his draw and markmanship, and to interpose and to push weight in all manner of issues. One can reassure himself of the adversary's preference for not shooting up the town – for prevailing without violence. This gains nothing if in every difference the adversary makes persuasive his willingness to draw in extremity and the peaceable hero abides by his civilized reluctance. We shall have to face up also to the effects on policy of this contrast if Cuba is not to prove the first of a series of such developments. CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL

A Deal Between the Two Chinas?

by John Israel

Fear that Chiang Kai-shek's successor will make a deal with the Chinese Communists has haunted policy planners for some time. Recently, the *London Observer's* Singapore correspondent, Dennis Bloodworth, claimed to have proof that Chiang's family and the Peking Government have *already* signed an agreement that:

– Neither side will attack the other during Chiang's lifetime.

– After Chiang's death Formosa will nominally become an autonomous region of China, but will remain under Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) control.

– A referendum will be held 10 to 20 years later to determine Formosa's status.

– The Nationalist-controlled offshore islands of the Quemoy group and the Communist port of Amoy on the adjacent mainland will be integrated into a buffer administrative district.

Rumors of a Taipei-Peking deal have been circulating for years, but this is the first time a Western reporter for a responsible publication has felt he had sufficient evidence to publish details.

Such a pact would have advantages to Chiang's eldest son and his likely heir, Chiang Ching-kuo. He has reason to assume that eventually Washington and Peking will attempt to settle their differences. While Chiang Kai-shek is alive, our sentimental attachments to a wartime ally and his Americanized wife, Mme. Chiang, help prevent us from dealing with the Communists. But if Ching-kuo comes to power things will be different. He is relatively unknown to Americans. His wife, in striking contrast to the Wellesley-educated "Madamissimo," is Russian. Ching-kuo's Soviet education has attracted him to Communist techniques. His strength rests on the political commissars in the army, the secret police and the youth movement, all of which he has tried to develop along Leninist lines. Ideologically, an understanding with Red China would be more palatable to him than one with the United States. The other main contender for the "throne," Vice President Ch'en Ch'eng, is closely associated with the reformist-minded economic experts who follow the lines laid down in US economic assistance programs. An agreement between Ching-kuo and the Communists would strengthen Ching-kuo's hand against the Vice President.

Were Chiang Kai-chek to die tomorrow, Vice President Ch'en Ch'eng would be his successor as provided by the constitution. However, the actual issue of succession is not that clear. The Vice President, though a younger man than President Chiang, appears to be in poor health and may very well die before Chiang. In such a case, Ching-kuo could be elevated to the Vice Presidency, thus placing him in direct line for the Presidency.

Even if Ch'en Ch'eng is still in office at the time of Chiang's death, it is quite possible that Ching-kuo will be strong enough to oust him by a show of force or become the power behind the throne. Ching-kuo might also seize power under Martial Law, which has been in effect for the "Period of Emergency" of "Communist rebellion" ever since 1948.

Were Ching-kuo to become top man, he could of course continue the present alliance with the US and maintain the myth of an eventual recapture of the mainland. If, on the other hand, he decided to end the state of civil war with Peking, he could count upon considerable support from high political and military circles and from the population as a whole. Under the kind of agreement described by Bloodworth, Formosa would still be an autonomous region, free from Communist domination. At the same time, nationalistic Mainlanders on Formosa would feel proud to be part of

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the most populous nation in the world and a major power. The Formosans would be relieved that their sons would no longer face the prospect of risking their lives in a desperate counterattack on the mainland.

Ching-kuo would not find an agreement with the mainland an unmitigated blessing, however. A shocked America would probably cut off all aid and withdraw the Seventh Fleet from the Formosa Straits. The Kuomintang regime would then have nothing but its own wits and a paper agreement standing between itself and the People's Liberation Army. The industrial development program underwritten by the US would be imperiled, and mainland China would certainly look to Formosa's agricultural wealth to fill its empty rice bowls. Furthermore, Ching-kuo would still be burdened with the well-indoctrinated populace of Formosa.

For 13 years slogans written in huge white ideographs have covered nearly every wall and billboard on the island. They proclaim the national goal: "Counterattack the mainland!" They appeal to the homesick mainland refugees: "Recover our rivers and mountains!" They remind the patriotic citizen that the Communists are no more than they were in the early '30's – mountain outlaws under Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung: "Down with the bandits Chu and Mao!" The propaganda even implies that the real rulers of the mainland are not Chinese: "Drive out the Russian Thieves!" The people of Formosa go to bed to the martial strains of anti-Communist songs on the government-controlled radio and wake in the morning to the same music blaring from the loudspeaker in the neighborhood schoolyard. Headlines in the newspapers announce: "Millions Starving to Death on Mainland!" Vivid cartoons in public bus stations portray hapless friends and relatives being hung by the thumbs, flayed, boiled in oil, while frequent proclamations by President Chiang reassert the imminence of liberation.

Kuomintang propaganda has been effective enough to keep alive the wishful thinking of the mainland refugees (refugees in Hong Kong don't talk about going home; those in Formosa do). It has given the government a useful fiction by which to legitimatize its elaborate apparatus and to support its claim to continued representation in the UN. It has influenced young mainlanders on Formosa who have never seen their birthplaces and hypnotized even young Taiwanese students. Before I left Formosa a professor in National Taiwan University assured me, "Of one thing I have not the slightest doubt: No Chinese ruler on Formosa would dare make a deal with the Reds."

What immediate effect will Bloodworth's report of a Taipei-Peking agreement have on our China policy? Probably very little. We have already shown enormous tolerance in regard to Chiang. In exchange for his 500,000 anti-Communist troops we have permitted him to embarrass us in the United Nations, draw us perilously close to war in Quemoy, and use our arms and support to suppress his political opponents on Taiwan. Only in refusing to commit ourselves to a Nationalist attack on the mainland have we dared antagonize him, and even this has been to his advantage, because his devoted followers who have always blamed Truman and Marshall for the fall of the mainland can now accuse the US of thwarting their plans for a victorious counterattack. We are so far committed in Formosa that nothing short of documentary proof of a Taipei-Peking accord would turn us against Chiang. Mere rumors will, if anything, simply make the US more anxious, and hence more subservient to his demands.

The Embittered Army

The future of Chiang's regime depends in large part on his army. The battle-hardened veterans who came with him to Formosa will some day have to be replaced. In spite of several increases in the retirement age and extensions of the term of duty, these men are gradually giving way to young Formosan draftees who have less reason to risk their necks in an attack on the mainland. At the moment the mainland veterans, though a minority element in the army, still represent Chiang's main hope for victory.

These aging veteran non-coms are growing desperate. Separated from their homes and families, miserably paid, often too impoverished to marry even the poorest Formosan peasant girl, and rapidly losing what is left of their health, they are disillusioned and bitter. They complain about their better-paid officers, the corrupt soft-living government bureaucrats, and even President Chiang, whose unfulfilled promises to lead them back home begin to ring hollow. A young mainlander college graduate returning from a two-year stint as a second lieutenant gave me some striking examples of the mood in Chiang's army.

Several years ago a high-ranking officer visited a large army camp to explain the latest advancement of the retirement age. He was driven from the stage by a bombardment of GI boots.

When Chiang came to inspect the camp, he was presented with a carefully selected honor guard. The rest of the soldiers were locked in bunkers until he left.

The mainland non-coms spend most of their time lying on cots, griping and listening to Radio Peking, which skillfully exploits their grievances, comparing their lives unfavorably to those of the soldiers in the Peoples Army. The disillusionment that envelopes

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these underprivileged soldiers has not yet undermined the confidence of the mainlander population on Formosa as a whole.

The great majority, aside from the military, are petty bureaucrats and teachers who have at least the security of government-provided housing and a steady, albeit meager, income. As the island consumes its economic gains, these people acquire some of the marks of a middle-class standard of living, symbolized by the refrigerator placed conspicuously in the living room. Though they may make invidious comparisons between their present life and that on the prewar mainland, most of them are living better than they have at any time since 1937. This comparative prosperity creates a certain ambivalence in their yearning to go "home." A staunchly patriotic mainland professor disagrees with everything Chiang stands for, but supports him as the only alternative to the Communists, and maintains a dogged faith that some day he will take his family back home. At the same time, he borrows the equivalent of six months' pay to install a modern bathroom in his government-provided house. When I arrived in Taiwan in 1959 people were saying, "*When* we retake the mainland. . . ." When I left three years later, they were saying, "*If* we retake the mainland. . . ."

Though Chiang's stature as an infallible national hero has noticeably declined, his power is still secure. The native Formosan opposition, left leaderless by the blood purge following the 1947 revolt, has been kept weak and divided by the secret police. The college students, who opposed Chiang during his mainland days, are now subdued. They see no future for themselves on Formosa and are unwilling to endanger their chances of going abroad by openly engaging in political activities. Following graduation and compulsory military service, the most intelligent, ambitious and potentially subversive of Taiwan's "silent generation" (together with enough Kuomintang spies to keep them under surveillance) survive the tough competition to escape to the United States for graduate work. Fewer than 10 percent return.

"Let's play table stakes."

What Happened to "Free China"?

In the small geographical confines of Formosa, the Kuomintang government has achieved the kind of absolute power that constantly eluded it on the mainland. Martial law has undermined even the tenuous guarantees of civil liberties granted by the constitution. The most outspoken opposition, *Free China Fortnightly*, was liquidated two years ago when publisher Lei Chen was thrown into jail. More recently, a popular Formosan politician in the southern part of the island was sentenced to death for subversion. These examples have been sufficient to deter other would-be martyrs. In reality, the 11 million Formosans are without a country.

The United States, having failed to effect internal political reform in Chiang's Government in time to prevent the Communist victory on the mainland, has done little to encourage it on Formosa. Itinerant generals and junketing Congressmen compete in singing the praises of "Free China." When Vice President Johnson paid a 24-hour visit he dubbed Formosa "this free island," lauded its "free youth" and called Chiang "one of this century's great leaders," who would "never be forgotten" in the history of "free men's courage against tyranny."

That's all very well, but Chiang is approaching his 75th birthday. What next? When asked if the United States would help Chiang return to the mainland, President Kennedy said, ". . . There'd be no use in explorations of potential situations." One may guess what some of those "potential situations" might be on Formosa: Continued cooperation with the United States or a deal with the Communists; maintenance of a huge standing army or emphasis on economic development; intensified party dictatorship or the attempt to give Formosans a significant role in governing themselves. If we wait until Chiang has gone, will there then be any "use in explorations of potential situations?"

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Where's the Welfare State?

by Morris K. Udall

In January the Bureau of the Budget published its annual best-seller, "The Budget in Brief," an analysis of federal spending plans for the fiscal year starting July 1, 1962. In this fiscal year it was estimated this nation's Gross National Product would reach $570 billion. Federal receipts were to be $93 billion and federal expenditures $92.5 billion, or roughly 16 percent of the total value of all goods and services produced by individuals and corporations during the year. Today it appears the $570 billion figure was overly optimistic and that the total will be about $555 billion, a new high but not enough to save us from a loss of tax revenue and a deficit rather than a surplus.

The budget pamphlet explains where these tax funds will be spent. Going through the list of budget items, one can see rather quickly that the expenditures fall into two categories: (1) those which are caused by the needs of national security, including preparation for war (which we hope will never come) and paying the costs of *past wars*, and (2) all other expenditures.

National Defense $52.7 billion
(57 cents of the tax dollar)
Cost of armed services, ships, planes, missiles, atomic energy, military assistance, research activities. Military foreign aid is included here.

Space Research & Technology 2.4 billion
(2.5 cents of the tax dollar)

Interest on Public Debt 9.4 billion
(10 cents of the tax dollar)
Public debt jumped from $1 billion to $25 billion level after World War I, to $270 billion level after World War II. Our present public debt is almost wholly caused by involvement in two great wars, plus Korea and the "Cold War."

International Affairs & Finance 3.0 billion
(3 1/4 cents of the tax dollar)
All the activities directed toward maintenance of peace and strengthening free world alliances. Economic aid of $2.5 billion is included here – the only really controversial item in the "national security" field.

Veterans' Services & Benefits 5.3 billion
(6 cents of the tax dollar)
VA hospitals, rehabilitation, compensation and pensions to 4.5 million disabled veterans, widows, orphans and other beneficiaries.

TOTAL FOR DEFENSE, DIPLOMACY AND PAST WARS $72.8 billion
(79 cents of the tax dollar)

Now no one would suggest that government exists only to prepare for and fight wars. In fact, not even the outspoken critics of the "welfare state" object to most non-defense items.

General Government $2.0 billion
(2 cents of the tax dollar)
Congress, courts, buildings, FBI, etc.

Natural Resources 2.3 billion
(2.5 cents of the tax dollar)
Reclamation, flood control, national parks, mineral resources, Indian Affairs.

Commerce & Housing 3.4 billion
(3.5 cents of the tax dollar)
Post Office, Weather Bureau, aviation, Census, and FHA and VA housing loans – loans which have enabled 60 percent of our people to own their own homes. This category also includes the funds for Urban Renewal and Public Housing – subjects of some controversy – but 90 percent of these expenditures are non-controversial.

Agriculture & Agricultural Resources 5.8 billion
(6 1/4 cents of the tax dollar)
Price supports, Soil Conservation, Agricultural Extension, Forest Service, REA, etc.

Labor, Health, Education and Welfare 6.6 billion
(7 cents of the tax dollar)
Here it is! This is the segment of the budget which produces nearly all the controversy over "socialism" and "welfare state" spending.

TOTAL FOR NON-DEFENSE EXPENDITURES $20.1 billion
(21 cents of the tax dollar)

Let me point out that if *all* expenditures included in that last 7-cent "welfare state" portion of the budget were eliminated, the person who paid $1,000 income tax last year would pay $930 next year.

Should they all be eliminated? No one suggests that.

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Should some reductions or economies be made? Here is how that 7 cents will be spent:

Aid to states for the aged, blind and disabled, and for fatherless children	$2.9 billion
Health services and research – the National Institutes of Health, aid for hospital construction, medical scholarships, etc.	1.4 billion
Education – federal aid for college housing and academic buildings, college scholarships, the National Defense Education Act, federal impact aid, the National Science Foundation, libraries and museums.	1.5 billion
Labor and manpower services – on-the-job training, unemployment compensation, policing labor unions, US Employment Service, etc.	0.3 billion
School lunch and milk program	0.3 billion
Vocational rehabilitation, etc. – program returning about 110,000 disabled and handicapped persons to gainful employment	0.2 billion
TOTAL "WELFARE STATE" EXPENDITURES	6.6 billion
(7 cents of the tax dollar)	

I hear it said from time to time that every year this country finds itself further involved in programs of a "socialistic" or "welfare state" nature. In fiscal 1963, I remind you, we will spend 7 percent of our federal budget (or 1.2 percent of our GNP) for programs that are often described in this manner. How does this compare with former years?

I had the Library of Congress dig out a copy of the fiscal 1939 budget. It was an eye-opener:

> In 1939 we spent, not 7 percent, *but 44 percent*, of our budget for labor and welfare programs.
>
> In 1939 we spent *$30 per capita* on these programs.
>
> In fiscal 1963, using the 1939 dollar to provide a fixed basis of comparison, we will spend *$16 per capita* for these same programs.

The brutal fact is that in the past 24 years "welfare state" programs have withered to little more than half their prewar level.

In 1939 this nation had 130 million people. Today we have 186 million. That we should be spending today less, in terms of 1939 dollars, than we spent 24 years ago is a startling revelation. Considering the 56 percent decline in the purchasing value of the dollar since 1939, we will spend this year, in 1939 dollars, slightly over $3 billion for labor, health, education and welfare. In 1939 with 56 million fewer people, we spent nearly $4 billion. A housewife with nine children isn't expected to keep her grocery bill to the level set by her neighbor with six children, and yet that is what we as a nation have been doing. We have actually cut back our total expenditures as our population has grown.

In 1946 our federal debt per person was $1,900. Today it is down to $1,600. In 1946 out of every thousand persons in the United States, 19 were civilian employees of the federal government. Today that number has dropped to 13, and six of these 13 are civilian employees of the armed forces.

A further indication that the federal government is *not* growing out of proportion to our population and economy comes to light when we compare the federal debt with state, local and private debt in the United States. I doubt whether many realize that between 1946 and 1960 – the last year for which figures are available – the federal debt grew just 6 percent while state-local debt grew 328 percent and private debt 278 percent. Even more startling is the fact that, whereas private debt in this country was well below the federal debt in 1946, it now is more than double the federal debt.

One of the goals of traditional socialism is economic equality – "from each according to ability; to each according to need." Thus, if we are approaching socialism we should see a general leveling of society. What's happening to personal income in this country? What part does our system play in equalizing income and impeding the accumulation of wealth? Here are some pertinent facts:

> – The United States, with six percent of the world's population and seven percent of its land area has 35 percent of all its wealth – more automobiles, telephones and other luxuries than all the other countries of the world combined.
>
> – Personal income totals over $400 billion, with a median of $5,700 per family. But the top five percent of US families receive 20 percent of all income, and the bottom 20 percent of families receive five percent of all income.
>
> – The top nine percent of our population owns 46 percent of the nation's private assets.
>
> – Federal, state and local governments own only 12 percent of the reproducible, tangible assets and 17 percent of the land in the United States. All the remainder is privately owned.

A traditional goal of socialism is public ownership of mines, factories, railroads, airlines and communications. All of these key industries are privately owned in our country, in contrast to many other free nations.

"It is evident," Walter Lippmann wrote some time ago, "that creeping socialism has not crept very far."

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Reinhold Niebuhr

The Alternatives to Communism

The world will not be wooed away from totalitarianism by utopian claims that American democracy is suitable for general immediate export.

It has become a settled conviction, at least among American democratic idealists, that the contest which engulfs the political life of the whole world is between Communism and democracy.

What is Communism? It is an absurd religio-political creed, within the framework of the utopian tradition of Western culture, which erupted with the breakdown of traditional culture in 17th-Century England, 18th-Century France and 19th-Century Russia. The specific content which filled this framework was prompted by the highly contingent circumstances of early European industrialism when an open society, moving too tardily, had not yet proved the capacity of democracy to come to terms with the power realities of modern industry, particularly the aggravation of the disbalances of power in feudal society. Most of the subsequent history of Western democracy has refuted the Communist dogma, particularly that part of it which attributes all historic evils to the one institution of private property. It should be fairly simple to display this refutation and to prove the absurdity of the Communist claims of world redemption from exploitation, imperialism and war.

But unfortunately democratic idealism complicates this simple task by oversimplifying it. It does so by presenting democracy as a universally valid and viable system of government which we are destined to present to the world as an alternative to Communism. This interpretation tends to reduce our cause to utopian dimensions very similar to Communist utopianism. We reduce democracy to utopianism whenever we obscure the fact that it required an advanced European culture centuries (roughly from the 16th to the 19th Century) to make political freedom compatible with the power realities and the collective loyalties of race, language, religion, and class; centuries to validate political freedom (by correcting the disbalances in the economic order) as an instrument of justice. If Communism obscures the triumphs of an open society, democratic idealists likewise tend to obscure the whole tortuous history of that society in European culture: its early chapters of the achievement of ethnic homogeneity, its later chapters in which sufficient tolerance was established to make cultural diversity compatible with communal harmony, and its final chapter of the triumph over the power realities of modern industrialism by achieving a tolerable equilibrium of power in both the political and economic sphere. The latter development involved the right of laborers to organize and bargain collectively, thus supplementing their equal, but insufficient, political power with equal economic power. This offset the power of centralized management, which according to the Communist dogma represented the final form of evil in history. The whole of the 19th Century was required to achieve this equilibrium. In America it was not achieved until the fourth decade of the 20th Century, when a world depression finally disturbed the complacent bourgeois ethos which had reigned supreme in politics for some 65 years after the close of the Civil War.

Clearly an open society is not the simple option for all peoples and cultures which our democratic idealists assume. It seems to be a combination of an ultimate ideal and a luxury which only a culturally and economically advanced community can afford. It is an ultimate ideal, since no way has been found to make irresponsible power a servant of justice. It is a luxury because only a community with an advanced cultural cohesion and a complicated system of economic mutuality and competition can master the divisive forces which exist in any community. Only such a community can establish its authority over all competitive and divisive forces – and do this without military coercion. Incidentally we might remember that our nation experienced a bloody civil war because we could not solve the slavery issue by democratic accommodation of interests, or suppress an interest which clearly violated the principles upon which the nation was founded.

Merely from the news of the past few weeks, consider the hazards which democratic communities face all over the world. In Algeria, a new nation born in

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violence, triumphing over the intransigence of French *colons* and presumably forging a common loyalty through its long liberation struggles, has been threatened with civil war. On the other side, the regime in France, which performed the miracle of extricating itself from the fiction that Algeria was not a nation and liberated Algeria from a power which both tutored her and oppressed her, has suppressed many of the democratic liberties of France in the process.

In Latin America, a democratic leader – President Betancourt – has been threatened by both right and left in Venezuela and just barely managed to triumph over a leftist military revolt. In Argentina, the army has sent the President into exile because, in his effort to establish a democratic regime, he seemed to have flirted with the followers of Peron. In Brazil, that burgeoning wealthy nation none of whose essential problems are solved, the army prevented a leftist Vice President from succeeding a President who had mysteriously resigned, until the constitution was changed to narrow the power of the Presidency to the dimensions of the European rather than the American system. The regime is now in crisis because of friction between the President, the Prime Minister and parliament; and the constitutional amendment which settled the previous crisis is being challenged.

In Peru, where the traditional Latin American feudal pattern of a tight Spanish aristocracy and miserable Indian peasants was challenged by both the top-running Presidential candidates, the army declared the election invalid and has set itself up as a ruling *junta*. The case of Cuba is too well known to require elaboration. A charismatic leader, Fidel Castro, overthrew the noxious Batista, forgot his promises of constitutional democracy, and is now the prisoner and embarrassed collaborator of the Communists who filled the ideological and organizational vacuum in Castro's movement. In Asia the examples of democratic failure are almost too numerous to record here. In Burma a new military dictator, Ne Win, recently suppressed a student revolt. Ne Win was once the ally of U Nu, the resourceful Buddhist-Socialist leader of what seemed a promising democracy. Recently he overthrew U Nu's democratic regime, charging that U Nu had made concessions to the disaffected regional groups among whom the Communist revolt began a decade ago. He also criticized U Nu for establishing the Buddhist faith in a pluralistic culture.

Korea has had two revolutions since it was rescued from Communist aggression. The present military *junta* abhorred the corruption of the previous regime. It also rigorously suppressed all political freedom, obviously equating freedom with corruption.

In Pakistan an imaginative and ambitious military dictator, Ayub Khan, suppressed a democratic regime which seemed incapable of triumphing over regionalism and corruption. It is not yet certain whether Ayub can bring about the promised land reform.

In Turkey the military overthrew the Menderes regime and a military *junta* executed a democratic leader who wanted to use the army to suppress a political revolt. The country is now in a serious parliamentary crisis. The heritage of hate generated by the execution of vanquished opponents is hard to bury.

Vietnam is our client state. We have given it generous military and other aid and defended it against the Communists. But there is evidence that it is little better than a police state and that its standards of honesty are not very high. In Taiwan, the great champion of anti-Communism, Chiang Kai-chek, has established a "free China," but it too is a police state. In Iran an amiable and ineffectual Shah has tried vainly to transmute a feudal economy, suppress student revolts and engage in unpromising land reform schemes.

This list is clearly sketchy and inexpert. It does not do justice to the achievements of democracy in many parts of the world. Such a list does not, moreover, confirm the Communist charge that Americans are the reactionary leaders of reactionary forces in the world. We are merely trying to save the world from the supreme fraud of the ages, the Communist movement which enslaves in the name of redemption. But the evidence does prove that democracy, as it has been elaborated in the advanced nations of the West, is simply not an option for all nations, whatever their level of cultural and economic development. Perhaps the evidence of democracy's failure should serve to modify our own messianic claims. Perhaps we should be more modest and say only that we are trying to help people achieve the highest degree of justice and technical competence they can.

It might be wise to make prudent distinctions between reversible and irreversible experiments in community and order. The irreversible ones are those which are supported by a fixed dogma and a policy which claims omnipotence for an elite, proportioned to its claims of omniscience.

It might also be prudent to analyze more rigorously the hazards which justice (not democracy) confronts in a world in which the rapid universalization of technical ability may aggravate the injustices of traditional communities and may mean both promise and peril to primitive cultures.

In brief, we cannot compete with the Communist utopia by mounting our own utopian claims. We can only modestly admit that history is charged with emergent vitalities on all levels of culture and politics and that it is our task to keep history open for every kind of experimentation, not allowing it to be closed prematurely by an absurd and coercive dogma.

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The Search for the Square

Martin L. Gross on Job Fitness Tests

Ever since junior high school days and its clumsy introduction to "business letter writing" and admonitions to sit up straight and to wear a clean white shirt at interviews, the prospective employee has been thoroughly conditioned to do what is acceptable in approaching a job. The ceremony has been updated and now includes such additional traditions as the well-written resume (usually ghosted by a $20 service), a flattering five-year-old photo, and an aggressive yet tactful letter outlining the applicant's superiority.

Unfortunately, as we are today slowly beginning to understand, the entire meticulous performance has gradually become a wasted effort, a vestigial sun dance meant to mesmerize management and personnel men who have already abdicated much of their hire-fire decision-making to the brain watcher. Rather than rehearse outdated job-getting ceremonies, the prospective workingman (and even the junior-high student) would do better to understand the machinations of his new working Sovereign – the tester – who is unimpressed by any rituals except those of his own making.

The ritual he most admires is ensnaring a subject into his testing mill. The trap usually begins with a help-wanted ad in the morning newspaper, which includes all pertinent job particulars except that the applicant will soon have a personality quiz thrust under his nose.

> Young executive trainee. $8,000 per annum. Sizable firm seeks college graduate with at least one year experience in sales promotion. Must be intelligent, resourceful, creative.

This ad drew hundreds of replies which were winnowed to a dozen candidates, each of whom was given an assembly-line tester's battery, including a popular yellow four-page form known as "The Personality Inventory," a 125-question instrument developed by Dr. (PhD) Robert G. Bernreuter and published by the Stanford University Press. The question-and-answer brain-watching establishments have specific requirements: a test must be inexpensive, easy to take, be graded readily, and be purely statistical; for at $25-$40 a head there is little time to waste on painstaking introspection. Bernreuter's quiz scrupulously fills this bill of particulars.

Like most others in the field it was originally designed as a counseling aid, but it has made the transition into the brain-watching business smoothly, without any academic or financial regrets. In fact, today it is the mainstay of many personnel-testing operations. "The Bernreuter," as it is always folksily called – with a wince of envy by psychologists who marvel at the comparatively incredible income it has made for its creator – reportedly sells over a million copies a year. At 40 cents for the set (with scoring keys), and additional sets at only 6 cents in volume of 500 or more, the Bernreuter has a substantial yearly gross. Yet it provides the raw material for brain-watching at a few cents a head.

What does Bernreuter look like to an anxious job seeker being measured for corporate size?

> Do you day-dream frequently?
>
> Do you prefer to associate with people who are younger than you?
>
> Are you troubled with the idea that people on the street are watching you?
>
> Have books been more entertaining to you than companions?
>
> Do you usually prefer spending an evening alone?
>
> Are you usually considered to be indifferent to the opposite sex?
>
> Do you often feel just miserable?

The right answers on this sample are all emphatically "No." Even a minor admission that you occasionally prefer reading – and have been known to do it in solitude – can lose you irreplacable personality points.

The Bernreuter, like almost all personality quizzes, is based on the psychological thesis that the human personality is actually a humble pie composed of many "traits," such as "neuroticism," or "sociability," which the tester can slice up and sample with a series of questions and their answers. (Dr. Bernreuter sees your personality as being composed of six distinct parts: neurotic tendency, self-sufficiency, introversion-extroversion, dominance-submission, self-confidence and sociability.) When placed back together he is

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MARTIN L. GROSS *has devoted three years to the study of the psychological testing industry.* *This article is adapted by permission of Random House, Inc., from his book* The Brain Watchers, *published this week.*
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convinced that it represents the "whole man."

The tester has a virtually unlimited inventory of traits to choose from among published personality tests – each author of which is convinced that in his five or ten traits he has magically isolated the true amalgam of human personality. The author of the Washburn S-A Inventory, for example, views human personality as a rewarding blend of happiness, alienation, sympathy, purpose, impulse judgment and self-control. The Thurstone Temperament Schedule, however, a popular quiz which has been used by Chicago testers Science Research Associates, and test-oriented Sears, Roebuck & Company, divides the psyche somewhat differently into seven traits – including "active," "reflective," "vigorous" and "impulsive." The Klein Institute, like many commercial testers, synthesizes such diverse views by grading each subject on a gargantuan scoring sheet which lists some 33 traits, from "tact" to "sense of humor," taken from several tests.

Empirical and Biographical Tests

One of the most intriguing brain watches extant, and one which the savvy workingman should be conversant with, is *empirical* personality testing. Empirical testing simply means that the tester has eliminated all theories on job criteria – what makes a good anything – and has decided simply to compare an applicant's test scores with "key" successful men in a given company. When dealing with test-experienced men this can mean checking how well a subject lies on quizzes in relation to a long line of liars preceding him.

In corporate empirical testing much effort is spent trying to isolate "significant items" in the makeup of successful men that can then be searched for elsewhere. For example, if a head count of a corporation shows that while only 60 percent of its executive population are Protestant, 85 percent of its *successful executives* are also Protestant, then "Protestantism" becomes an empirically significant item that can be determined and looked for. The empirical company tester doesn't know why, or how it works, or if it has any true relation to job performance, as long as he can correlate it. IBM, for example, is undergoing an experimental study with a relatively new personality quiz and, in talking about it, their psychologist sums up the empirical man's philosophy: "If it comes out that our good men are all five-feet-three with green eyes, and that's what we're supposed to look for, it's okay with me." (It's highly unlikely. It would clash with IBM's modern graphic image.). Since almost all future IBM management men are originally hired as data processing (computer) salesmen and carefully IBM-honed in a $10,000 year-and-a-half apprenticeship, the next generation's board chairman is being selected today with considerable attention to how well he does on a single-shot personality screen.

The test, which is given to 5,000 hopefuls each year at IBM's 200 global offices, is the Strong Vocational Interest Blank, a 33-year-old questionnaire originally designed for high school vocational guidance work. Developed by Stanford University psychologist E. K. Strong, Jr., the test operates on a curious premise: you are suited for a job or profession only if your prejudices mesh smoothly with those of the "typical" man in the same field.

Strong analyzes an applicant by his likes and dislikes in a 400-question inventory of his hobbies, racial and ethnic biases (Do you like foreigners, people with hooked noses?), political and economic preferences (Do you like conservatives, socialists, people who made fortunes in business?), reading habits (*Time, The New Republic, National Geographic*), etc. In creating his test, he tried out this potpourri on "successful" men in 45 occupations, and even women in 25 different jobs. After statistically averaging out the responses, he psychologically deified the results as the "norm" advertising man, engineer, accountant, physician, who heretofore had existed only in Strong's imagination and in cliché conversation.

What does the Strong look like to the young Ivy Leaguer out to conquer IBM – or other industrial giants? Basically, it is a list of activities and attitudes, next to which he is asked to mark an L (Like), I (Indifferent), or D (Dislike). For example:

army officer	*American* magazine
bookkeeping	*The New Republic*
hunting	rough-house initiations
taking long walks	foreigners
snakes	conservative people

The would-be executive is also asked to study a list of 10 famous men – from Henry Ford to Enrico Caruso – and check those he would "most like" to have been and those "least."

The savvy IBM executive-trainee applicant doesn't help himself by checking that he prefers orchestra conducting to bookkeeping or being an army officer. He likes hunting, snakes and rough-house initiations and dislikes long walks, art galleries and tennis; and, of course, couldn't care less about people with gold teeth, people who talk loudly, or progressive people, let alone socialists. He prefers to be reincarnated as John Wanamaker rather than Booth Tarkington. He enjoys his monthly copy of the defunct *American* magazine, even if he must rummage in the public library stacks to find it, and has never even heard of *The New Republic*. (In fact, this last question is used by some testers as a sly indication of a misguided liberal bent. "I sometimes take a quick peek at a

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man's response to *The New Republic*," confides one Strong tester. "It tells me a lot about him.")

Interest tests like the Strong and, another popular one, the Kuder Preference Record, are common in let's-test-them-ourselves corporations. One survey by the Bureau of National Affairs showed that they were used in selection by 21 percent of the companies polled. The Kuder is more direct than the Strong and, with a long needle (backed up by a soft board to cushion aggression), the testee jabs those on a list of activities that he likes "least" or "most." Take this Kuder-triplet:

Visit a museum.
Visit an advertising agency.
Visit a factory in which typewriters are made.

Stabbing the first item, says the tester, is naturally a sign of "scientific interest," while trips to the ad agency and factory are respectively signs of "persuasive" and "mechanical" bents.

In the search for a Square American the brain watcher and his sidekick personnel manager occasionally use the Kuder as a culture-spotter in the hope of revealing the surreptitiously well-rounded man whose excess culture might debilitate the management soul.

The most enthusiastic proponent of testing for anti-cultural business values is probably Sears, Roebuck and Company, one of the shy industrial giants that talks and publishes little about its personality apparatus, yet retains one of the nation's strongest internal testing systems. Sears' testing program, administered by staff psychologists in both Chicago and New York, is older than IBM's, but much like it in that since 1942 the psychologists have painstakingly constructed a statistical waxwork of the model Sears man.

More than 20,000 applicants have taken the four-hour battery, and none of Sears' 11,000 management men has been promoted without first hurdling it. In addition to the Thurstone Temperament quiz and a Kuder-like test, Sears' forte is a near-duplicate of the "Study of Values," a 45-question test which plumbs six facets of man: the economic, theoretical, aesthetic, social, political and religious.

What the test, and Sears, want to know is: Are you motivated toward or against the corporate environment? To find out, it probes your "executive values":

(1) Are our modern industrial and scientific developments a sign of a greater degree of civilization than those attained by any previous society, the Greeks, for example?

(2) If you had sufficient leisure and money, would you prefer to:

A. Make a collection of fine sculpture or paintings?
B. Establish a center for the care and training of the feeble-minded?
C. Aim at a Senatorship or a seat in the Cabinet?
D. Establish a business or financial enterprise of your own?

(3) To what extent do the following famous persons interest you:

A. Florence Nightingale
B. Napoleon
C. Henry Ford
D. Galileo

The clue to the right answers is in the profile of the "ideal" Sears man who has but two outstanding motivations, as measured by the SOV. He seeks, craves and respects money above all, and is not only without a trace of culture, but has an active distaste for it.

Several companies and testers have become enthusiastic about another fashionable test, the biographical index – one of the most awesome challenges to the sanctity of individual privacy and worth.

The classic test in this biographical field is the Life Insurance Agency Management Association test, developed in 1932 and since then taken by over one million men who have applied for life insurance agent jobs at 291 companies, including giants like Metropolitan, Prudential, etc.

The ideal insurance agent, as LIAMA's biography sees him, is a most admirable male – a stanchion of society and unemployed. Specifically, he is an executive who has been out of work one month or less; was with his last employer 10 years; has a net worth of $40,000; carries $40,000 or more in life insurance; has at least one college degree; has three or four dependents (not less or more); belongs to four or more organizations; and has held office in at least two of them. "I have never met such a man and I don't think I'd hire him if I did," says the New York franchised general agent for a large eastern insurance firm. "Every man we hire represents a cash investment by the company and myself of three to four thousand dollars. I wouldn't trust this test with that kind of money. The LIAMA test cost me nothing and that's exactly what I think it's worth. I've been in the business 14 years and I know that if I had taken the test myself I would have failed it. If I gave it to everyone beforehand like I am supposed to, I would have lost many good agents."

The general agent admits to "helping along" the grades of low-scorers who his intuition tells him have the makings of insurance salesmen. Unfortunately, LIAMA, recently decided to call back all scoring keys to Hartford to thwart "managers who cheat."

The advantage of tests like LIAMA's, which can be scored by laymen, has not been lost on employment

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managers who have long hankered for a cheap, fast test which could be given without the costly interference of a high-priced psychologist. One such test, the Activity Vector Analysis (AVA), has become a boomlet of significant proportions. It evaluates over 300,000 Americans a year in over 1,000 firms, including such bellwethers as Western Union, Hanover Bank, The Toni Company, Continental Can, Liggett Drug, P. Lorillard Company, Chas. Pfizer, Long Island Lighting, Chirurg & Cairns advertising, Pan American World Airways, Reynolds Tobacco and Campbell's Soup.

"Certified AVA Analysts"

An 81-adjective word game developed by Walter V. Clarke Associates of Providence, Rhode Island, the AVA has assumed near-cult proportions through undoubtedly the most successful promotional scheme in testdom. First, it is cheap: AVA clients pay a set annual fee averaging $1,000 (up to $3,500 for giants, like Campbell's Soup) for the right to test as many applicants and employees as they want as long as AVA test blanks – at a few cents each – hold out. In most instances, AVA clients can probe you at unbeatable petty cash prices – perhaps as low as 50 cents a head.

Even more important, AVA has converted hundreds of plodding personnel directors – usually fourth-rung managers fighting a holding operation in the typical company – into "Certified AVA Analysts," colorful near-psychologists who can offer up to management the incense of "human relations."

The powerful AVA test is physically unassuming a single sheet of paper containing 81 adjectives such as "cool, scairdy cat, persuasive, considerate." The testee is merely asked to place an "X" before words that have ever been used by anyone to describe him, then go back and check, in a second column, those words that he personally believes describe him. AVA has four vectors, which the analyst scores from the checked adjectives with a stencil card, then connects on a graph into an insect-like four-legged profile. Your profile is one of myriads of these little personality constellations printed on an "AVA Pattern Universe," a sort of stellar chart to the analyst's Milky Way.

Vector I, Aggressiveness, or Do-ability, is high in those people who check off adjectives like "persistent" or "go-getter." Vector II, Social-ability, the salesman's mark, has a list of adjectives including "enthusiastic" and "attractive." People who score high on Vector III, Emotional Stability or Sit-ability, are the "mild" and "complacent" type, while a high Vector IV, Flex-ability (traditionalism versus independence), would be found in conforming persons who check off words like "harmonious."

The AVA has another popular measure, a fifth scale called "Activity Level," or "Life Force," which tries to screen out sluggards likely to deliver less, and excessively vital employees whose compulsion to give more than a day's work for a day's pay might upset corporate equanimity. Activity Level is calculated merely by counting the number of adjectives a man has checked, whether they are contradictory or not.

Apparently the tireless figure who built American industry is virtually unemployable in the vast AVA empire. "We prefer not to hire a man who scores over 80 in activity level," candidly admits a Celanese Corporation spokesman. "Beyond that they get into everybody's hair and don't get along with associates."

Not even an employee's exceptional money-making talents can balance this AVA longing for corporate adjustment, as a fairly recent case history demonstrates. A publishing firm which had AVA-tested all applicants and almost all of its 800 employees reluctantly hired a highly recommended advertising space salesman. "We like a reasonably high activity level in a space salesman's job," the AVA Analyst recounted. "But this salesman's AVA activity level indicated to me that he was too dynamic. I watched him closely because I knew there would be trouble. Just as I expected, he blew up not long ago and had a fight with his immediate supervisor. In fact he almost backed him up against the wall. The only reason we keep him on is that he does such a good selling job, one of the very best in our company."

The child-like faith of business executives in such nonsense is a near-wonder in an otherwise pragmatic commercial community. One vice president of a large company producing milk foods is typical. Although he uses personality tests to select advertising and public relations people for the company, he recently confessed that he had no idea what the tests were all about. He just assumed his testers knew what they were doing.

Just how far this faith can go is perhaps best illustrated, however, by the story of a New York paper wholesaler, representing more than 90 paper mills, who went searching for a top-notch, high-salaried salesman. After extensive personality testing of applicants, an inexperienced young man was taken on despite company policy to hire only veteran paper sellers. The company could not resist the tester's praise. "This man is a natural born salesman," the quiz administrator trumpeted.

The paper firm eagerly awaited realization of the promise. They waited one, two, then three years without any sign of results. "He has been here almost five years and hasn't produced for us yet," the firm's personnel man confided recently. "We'll string along a little more. He may still be what the test predicted. After all, we've invested so much in him now that we're reluctant to let him go."

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Might It Happen Here?

Seven Days in May, by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II (Harper & Row; $4.95), is a novel about the possibility of an attempted takeover of the US government by the military in the not-too-distant future. Owing to the wide interest in the book and the controversial nature of its theme, we have engaged three reviewers to present their assessments. – THE EDITORS.

Let's Hope It's an Illusion

by Lillian de la Torre

This sober and all-too-convincing fantasy of the near future presents a striking example of the impact inherent in writing fiction by the principle of *What if*.

The principle of *What if* was expounded to me some years ago by the editor of a fantasy and science fiction magazine. When you write fantasy fiction, he said in effect, you don't make it all up. You don't invent a locale that is literally and figuratively out of this world, and then people it with grotesques. You write about the real world and the real human beings in it – as they face one shocking reversal of the normal. You depict the ordinary, everyday scene, and ask yourself one single, startling question: "What if. . . ."

What if science should manage to create in 2500 A.D. the technocrat's idea of a *Brave New World*? Huxley predicts its horrors. We know we won't like it, but in waking nightmares we greatly fear it may come to pass.

What if the Western world should be taken over by Big Brother in *1984*? Imagined by George Orwell in terms of fact and propaganda current in the 1940's, it seemed then to be frighteningly possible. Rereading it now, the mind rejects its extremes of brutality and sadism, and perceives with relief that some of its clichés have blown away on the winds of history.

Now along come two Washington newsmen, Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey, to ask themselves, in novel form, *What if* an army *coup d'état* should come in 1972? Could this great nation be quietly taken over by a military junta, like some unstable banana republic? Discovered in the making, could such a plot be foiled within seven fateful days?

Less fanciful than *Brave New World*, less melodramatic than *1984*, their story in its setting, characters and dialogue is normal to the point of boredom. It is like reading 341 pages of *Time* magazine all at once.

For you do read it all at once. You can't put it down. You know these people, the politicians, the newsmen, the commentators, the diplomats, the military men. Under different names they are all on the front page of your newspaper. The very lack of sensationalism in this story about them makes the theme more immediate and gripping.

What is going on right now in the Pentagon, in Senatorial back rooms, in the President's study, in secret bases built under mountains not ten miles from where I sit? *Are we so certain that we know?*

It is this immediacy that makes the cunningly underplayed episodes of *Seven Days in May* so enthralling.

On an ordinary day in an ordinary May, can the President of the United States be persuaded to believe that there is a well-laid plot to seize his office under cover of a "military exercise?" Can it be proved to him? To his closest advisers? To the country?

Can a US Senator be held prisoner at a secret, unauthorized army base? Can he escape the plotters with machine guns and report back to the White House in time?

And in the end, with all the threads in his hands, can the President find a way to make the Constitution prevail without splitting the country in two?

It is plain enough what the writers think; but by depicting every character clearly and honestly in an even floodlight without shadow, they have saved their novel from the distortions of propaganda and given it a gripping – and, let us hope, illusory – feeling of reality.

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Cooking with Dynamite

by S. L. A. Marshall

Knebel and Bailey are a partnership of Cowles newsmen doing books about the military. Their background is purely civilian but their daily chores keep them in contact with Pentagon folk.

Of the association came not long ago the book *No High Ground*. It is a first-rate story of how the atom bomb was born and used to crush Japanese resistance. The team goes on to bigger things. *Seven Days in May* is a novel which penetrates the US military mind and exposes its menace to the national future. It has wallop. For reasons other than Knebel and Bailey intended, they excel Dickens' Fat Boy at making the blood run cold.

Comparison with *Advise and Consent* is unavoidable, though in style and literary value they have nothing in common. Both books develop plot out of a national political and strategic crisis generated by the mounting pressures of the Cold War. Hell begins poppin' when the bad guys move to overrun the good guys. But in the end, the pure patriotism of a few courageous souls saves this nation of 180 millions. The happy ending is supposed to lift the curse from every damning implication in the theme. Here's a handy gimmick. As Dr. Johnson didn't say, it's the last refuge of today's novelist seeking to do something sensationally sure-fire.

So on to the plot. In 1974 the President signs a disarmament treaty with Russia. On a given day the two powers are to start junking their neutron warheads, doing it bomb for bomb. Viewing the treaty as a fatal blunder, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff forms a military cabal to thwart it and take over power. One Marine Colonel, sitting as Secretary of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is excluded from the conspiracy. But he scents it and goes personally to the President in the nick of time. Knowing only five or six people he can trust, the President rallies them and with their help saves the Republic. Just to keep things fair all around, Knebel and Bailey also make one US Senator and one TV commentator parties to the conspiracy. There's broad-mindedness.

Now either there is a present-day disposition in the US military which makes this plot plausible, or the book is mischievous, vicious. It is so written as to blight public confidence in the brass, thus helping create the evil out of phantasmagoria. When faith is withdrawn from men, the time inevitably arrives when they cannot return it. In this book, the US military are caricatured as poop automatons – men who obey a superior's orders unquestioning, however lawless or treasonable, which is sheer poppycock. The implication is that the high command, given sufficient provocation, would react as irresponsibly as a junta in Lima. It is no answer to say that nothing in my 45 years of experience with them warrants such suspicion.

In 1947, the late Secretary Robert P. Patterson said this: "I am convinced that we run not the slightest risk of military interference in civilian affairs. I would not emphasize this fact but for the recent appearance of articles painting pictures of this sort. The writers see shadows without the faintest substance. There was talk of this kind in the days of Washington, Jackson and Grant, and to as little purpose. In these times, with momentous issues before us for debate and decision, no worthwhile end is served by those who drum up alarms about domination by the military." But such a blanket clearance may be discounted. Patterson spoke 15 years ago, and besides, he understood and relished military company.

The upper circles are not closed against opportunists, sadists or wheelers and dealers. It would be silly to suggest that only dedicated paragons make the grade. Some who do it are unfit. Said the late General Charles P. Summerall shortly after retiring as Army Chief of Staff: "Better than 80 percent of the time the American who achieves high command gets there on merit; he has outstanding ability, courage and loyalty. A minority makes it by being clever, cruel or ruthless, clawing its way to power. All human organization knows this same evil." As to his estimate and broad conclusion, check.

But Knebel and Bailey don't write of a betrayal by a viciously clever minority. Their book is a wholesale libel against the American military character. All but one member of the JCS collaborate in treason, and the holdout stays mum. With one or two exceptions, the main commanders afield fall in. The few military good guys are pictured as half-made or half-witted and

Newspaper Verse

The vulture cannot serve for death,
For vultures too will die.
The eagle for the general
Unrhymes the woodpulp sky.

The dove, though writ in Holy Writ,
Will wholly disappear.
The sparrow of God's perfect love
Unsoothes the sonneteer.

Alas! Alas! Alas! Alas!
Alas! Alas! Alas!
O fuddled minds in grinning heads,
Together shall we pass.

But stay! A ray of hope is seen.
In sterile streets and rooms
We'll have a shelf life longer than
The life in Gizeh's tombs.

Ralph Robin

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generally befuddled characters. Only the abdominable JCS acts self-possessed, military, Olympian.

For the story to become credible, it must be assumed by the reader that if the Chairman gets a chance to blow his whistle, all bureaus and ranks would click heels and heil, and the spiritless millions out over America would cheer the coup, having tired of the President. That would be a proper comeuppance, for that worthy pays off treason with honorable retirement, full allowances and official silence, fearful that if the American people know the truth, all will be lost. In cold truth, there would be nothing to lose. The society pictured by Knebel and Bailey in this book is too decadent and demoralized for salvation in any form.

Yes, it's fiction. One might therefore dismiss it by saying that writing a stunt book for fun and a fast buck is done every day. But it's too late for that. Knebel and Bailey so love their thesis that they are essayists in *Look* magazine warning that their novel outlines a palpable danger. When they go that far, knowing so little, they match in recklessness the insidious characters which they themselves imagine. It can't happen here, we say. Conceivably it could, if on all fronts we insistently substitute degradation for moral discipline.

Drunks, Babies and the USA

by Sander Vanocur

It would be a mistake to dismiss this book, as some already have, because it reads like a thriller. The authors obviously believe that it is not necessary to be dull if a subject is serious. It will be a runaway best-seller because it is well written, because it is virtually impossible to put it down once you have picked it up. The same thing was true of *Advise and Consent*. The main difference between the two books, apart from the weight, is that the characters in *Seven Days in May* are plausible.

A military take over in this country is a possibility we might as well discuss. It is true that we like to think that God protects drunks, babies and the United States of America, but we could not be more wrong.

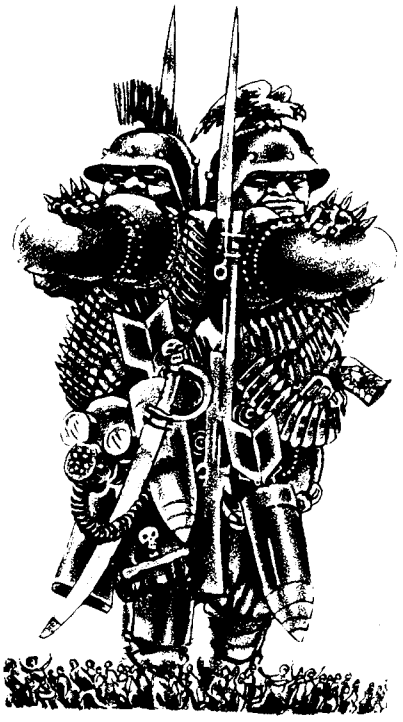
The answers to national problems are becoming increasingly harder to find. Even the articulation of the problems defies the efforts of our best minds. Indeed, there are times these days when things become so confused that our leaders behave as if the articulation of the problem represents to them, a solution or the next best thing. The realization that life is tragic, that problems resist not only the application of wisdom but of energy as well, increases our collective frustration.

At one point in *Seven Days in May*, the President's friend, Senator Clark of Georgia, makes this complaint about the people: "It's the awful frustration that keeps building up and up. They think every new President is going to be the miracle man who'll make the Commies go away. Of course, he never is." President Jordan Lyman, the former Democratic Governor of Ohio, a man who has seen his Gallup Poll rating go down to 29 because he has signed a disarmament treaty with the Soviet Union, laments that something has happened to his countrymen's spirit since Hiroshima. "Civilization," he says, "can go with a moan and a whimper overnight. Everybody knows it. But how can an individual feel anything but helpless. . . . Each of us has got to feel that we can influence events, no matter how slight the influence. When people start believing they can't, they are frustrated and angry."

The authors seem to imply that Jordan Lyman is about what we can expect in our Presidents from now on. He is not a heroic figure. He is just a politician. He gains the Presidency by declaring in his acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention: "We will talk till eternity, but we'll never yield an inch of free soil, any place, any time." Once in the White House, however, he wistfully looks back on that line as the last simple declarative sentence he will ever utter.

Now, the shadings are grey, the pos-

The book you've been waiting for . . .



The Story of
DISARMAMENT
1945 - 1962

by the Disarmament Committee of Washington, D. C.

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tures non-heroic, the compromises endless. He may ponder what makes a President great in the judgment of history and reflect that Lincoln, Wilson and FDR are remembered for the ability to face and engage their people in a finite agony. But in a nuclear world, how limited are a President's choices, how vast are the horrors which can flow from the decisions he must make. How vacillating Jordan Lyman, President Everyman, appears beside the gallant figure of General James (Gentleman Jim) Mattoon Scott, chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, air force hero, brilliant, smooth, articulate to those in the military, the government and those outside, who are weary of the Lymans and their seeming inability to face Communism in a forthright manner.

Not even the most absolute and demanding religion inspires such awe as does General Scott. In the confrontation between Scott and Lyman, when the President unfolds the evidence of the general's plot to seize control of the government, Jordan wavers for a moment, feels inadequate and puny, looking up at this imposing figure, wondering how he can get through to him, how he can break down this mass of composure and certainty.

The military will not like this book, nor will those who feed, materially and politically, off our military-industrial establishment. Yet what is it the authors are saying? They are simply dramatizing the plausibility of a military take over in this country. Why should we consider ourselves immune from this danger? The Soviet Union is not. France is not. Lesser powers in Latin America, the Middle East and the Far East are not. Why then should we consider ourselves so absolutely secure from this danger? If Communism in Cuba can produce the current demi-hysteria among politicians, Democrats and Republicans, then there are no limits to the psychosis which far more important frustrations will produce.

This is an important book. Somehow in this country, we have not produced any first-rate modern novels about the uses which men make of power. We have had limited exercises in certain localized areas like California in Eugene Burdicks *The Ninth Wave* and in Louisiana in Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men.* But we have not had,

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until this book, any serious, or successful, literary effort which explores what men do with the power thrust upon some of them, or seized by others, at the national level. This book is no masterpiece. It will, however, both defy and endure the efforts of those who attempt to dismiss it as superficial.

MOVIES

England Not So Merry

The social paradox of England has been that the mother of parliaments, of Magna Carta and slave emancipation, has treated its own working class with the ruthlessness of a Russian boyar. This is not a matter of long-past history – Hogarth's or Mayhew's or Arthur Morrison's London. Many thousands of people still living in England have known circumstances that would make a Southern sharecropper's lot seem almost enviable.

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner
(Continental)
A Kind of Loving
(Governor)

Reconciliation between the world-leading liberalism at the top and the dirty serfdom at the bottom has been slow in coming; and only in the post-war years have working-class themes become a major part of English art. Two new films, based on recent English fiction, spring out of this belated adjustment which, inevitably, is strongly tinged with revanchism.

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner, derived by Alan Sillitoe from his well-known short story, tells of an 18-year-old slum boy, Colin, who is sent to a Borstal reformatory for robbery. The governor of the place looks on sports as salvation, and ability as a distance runner is discovered in Colin just when the governor realizes a dream: a track meet with a toffs' public school. Colin is trained for the event, and as he jogs around the countryside, there are flashbacks that illuminate his past. On the day of the meet (which begins with an excellent uneasy scene in the dressing-room – the Borstal boys on one side, the posh boys on the other) Colin easily outruns the opposition star, and the governor swells. But a few yards before the finish, Colin stops and, with a bow, allows the other boy to pass him and win; thus deflating the governor. Colin has a very small armory against the Establishment; he has used his chief, if pathetic, weapon.

Tom Courtenay, who plays Colin with the grim secretiveness of a small time-bomb, has the grainy look of a teen-age old man. Michael Redgrave is appropriately hearty and ineffectual as the governor, and Avis Bunnage, Colin's mother, has a fierce-eyed, respectable sluttishness. Compliments to Tony Richardson, the director, must be put negatively: this is his least tricky picture to date. Only occasionally (the newsreel-type shots in the mess-hall, the star flashes in the retrospects) do intrusive effects mar the immediacy and concern.

A Kind of Loving was made from a novel by Stan Barstow, a writer much inferior to Sillitoe, whose work has been strengthened and deftly dramatized by Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse. In the gray industrial North a young draftsman, Vic, falls in love with Ingrid, a typist in his factory. They make love (once) and with the spermatozoic surety of fiction, the non-inevitable happens. Vic must marry the girl and forget his ambitions. They go to live with her mother, who hates him, and when Ingrid miscarries, Vic feels pointlessly trapped. There is explosion and reunion, with no worse a chance for happiness than most.

Alan Bates has fresh young manliness as Vic and vividly depicts both his breathless enchantment and his bitter, puzzled loss of it. June Christie, a newcomer, plays Ingrid quite adequately but in no way memorably. Thora Hird, her mother, and Bert Palmer and Pat Keen, Vic's father and sister, give us full human beings with their own set ways and tones. Another newcomer, John Schlesinger, who has been an actor and a director of television and shorts, directed this film and shows qualities of empathy, imagination, and control. It does not look as if he will have to make Richardson's still-unfinished pilgrimage from cleverness to integrity.

These two pictures display some virtues and defects of the new class art. Sillitoe's film makes a point (valid) and strikes an attitude (questionable). The

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point is basically the same as that of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*: the "new" English working man feels almost as frustrated and antagonistic as ever. He has an indoor toilet now, a telly, and sufficient food, but his remoteness from whatever his job is, his sense of being exploited, his feeling that he has little chance for worldly advancement or spiritual connection are virtually as strong as ever.

The film's questionable attitude is the proletarian concept of "them" and "us." Everything about "them" is wrong and everything about "us" is right or excusable. It is the self-pity of diluted Marxism, the *assumed* martyrdom that made American audiences in the thirties root for a worker-hero no matter how much of a slob he was. Colin is offered a job by his deceased father's plant and says: "Why should I sweat my guts out so that they can have all the profits?" Then of course he has no money, needs some in order to have fun, and steals. Fundamentally the system is blamed for his condition, although his father's superstitous ignorance and his mother's infidelity obviously contributed to it (and if those factors are blamed on the system, then – by logical extension – nobody is responsible for anything, including the bosses, who, too are products of their environment). In tune with this, the morning after the robbery the police suspect Colin and badger him. No shred of evidence exists as to why they should pick on him; they are arbitrarily adduced as further symbols of oppressive authority. (Why, incidentally, does the shrewd Colin hide the money in a drain-pipe where the first heavy rain washes it out?)

While we see flashes of a runaway boy being recaptured and roughly used, the Borstal boys sing Blake's *Jerusalem* at an assembly. This seems weak irony. Penal cruelty is universal – even, it is rumored, in worker-states. We can now see that the failure to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land is at least partly the fault of the Bottom Dogs (as it is elsewhere). It will no longer do, as social critique or emotional rally, merely to boom at the Top.

A Kind of Loving shares with the other film certain *de rigueur* elements of the new social realism – the park and pub larks, the hill shots looking down on the smoking town, the lyric interlude by the sea – all smartly done. But though it has all the social realist trappings, it is not genuinely a story of class struggle or dilemma. If Vic had come from a middle-class family, he would still have been trapped by Ingrid's pregnancy. (In fact, the only real class theme – the mother-in-law's *petite bourgeoise* snobbery about Vic's proletarian family – is not really explored.) Setting this eternal, ubiquitous situation in a factory town does not make it a class drama.

For me the point of the picture is something else entirely: the scene in which Vic, estranged from his wife, goes to his sister for comfort. Instead she jacks him up sharply, and tells him "What's right is right, what's wrong is wrong," and sends him back to his responsibilities. It is the voice of Western morality speaking, of the commonwealth of women united in mutual protection, of the need to circumscribe youthful dreams so that society can function. This is quite a different voice from that of the proletarian struggle.

Frank Kermode, reviewing Sillitoe's latest novel in the current *Partisan Review*, says that his future is a question "of talent continuing to work without the goad of resentment." Not to minimize the ancient roots of that resentment, one can also ask whether the talents of these ascendant Englishmen can flourish without half-true, quasi-sentimental assumptions; and without insisting on the slum milieu until it becomes as numb a cliché as the country-house week-end.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THEATER

Brecht on the Rampage

Man Is Man
by Bertolt Brecht
translated by Gerhard Nellhaus
(Living Theatre)

A Man's A Man
by Bertolt Brecht
adapted by Eric Bentley
(Masque)

At the conclusion of Shaw's *St. Joan*, when the Maid – long martyred and newly canonized – offers to return to earth as a living woman, all her worshippers blench. "What?" she asks. "Must I burn again? Are none of you ready to receive me?" Cauchon replies: "The heretic is always better dead. And mortal eyes cannot distinguish the saint from the heretic." Mortal eyes have had a similar difficulty, lately, with Bertolt Brecht. A heretic recently sanctified by Pope Fashion, Brecht is still totally unacceptable as a living being. For the past year, the dramatist's remains have been on display in a crypt called *Brecht on Brecht*, where a few trifling pieces of his anatomy – raised eyebrows, wrinkled nose, twinkling eyes – have become objects of veneration by a relic-hungry public. But when the living Brecht, a compound of spleen, horns, and genitalia, rampages like a maddened bull down our tame, "sophisticated" stage, the audiences, and the reviewers, begin to scatter in terror. Instead of a genial Socratic humanitarian with some neat theatrical tricks up his sleeve, an ugly, brutal, dangerous artist confronts them; and Brecht must burn again.

Unfleshed, repetitive, and sometimes a little tedious, *Mann ist Mann* is a minor work of its author, but since this makes it a major work of any New York season, one suspects the offense lies in its heresy: it is a savage clown show which uses the devices of farce, vaudeville, Expressionism, and cabaret theater to demonstrate the total insignificance of the individual personality in the modern world. Located in a fantastic, Kiplingesque India, complete with Imperial British soldiers, an Oriental brinze, an all-girl orchestra, and the ubiquitous Widow Begbick (she appears again in that superb Brecht-Weill masterpiece, *Mahagonny*), the play follows the metamorphosis of the meek laborer, Galy Gay, into the "human fighting machine," Jeriah Jip. The

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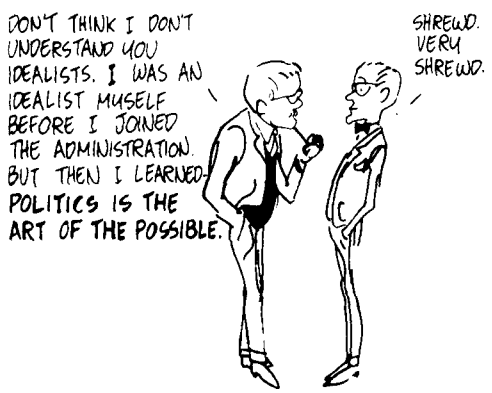
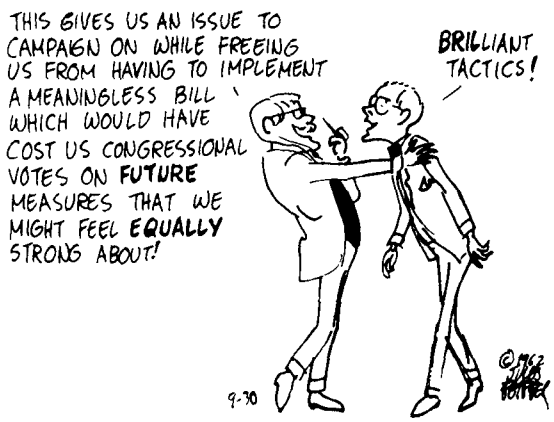

DON'T THINK I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU IDEALISTS. I WAS AN IDEALIST MYSELF BEFORE I JOINED THE ADMINISTRATION. BUT THEN I LEARNED— POLITICS IS THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE.
SHREWD. VERY SHREWD.

YOU'D LIKE US TO MAKE A STAND, INTRODUCE A BILL SUPPORTING THAT STAND, OFFEND THE SPECIAL INTERESTS AND GET CLOBBERED. NO, SIR, WE IN THE—HEH HEH— ESTABLISHMENT ARE A BIT CLEVERER THAN THAT.
—HEH HEH— ESTABLISHMENT.

WE MAKE OUR STAND, INTRODUCE A BILL MILDER THAN THE STAND WE HAVE TAKEN, MAKE A DEAL TO WATER IT DOWN WITH AMENDMENTS IN ORDER TO GET ANOTHER WATERED DOWN BILL WE WANT OUT OF COMMITTEE—
I SEE— I SEE—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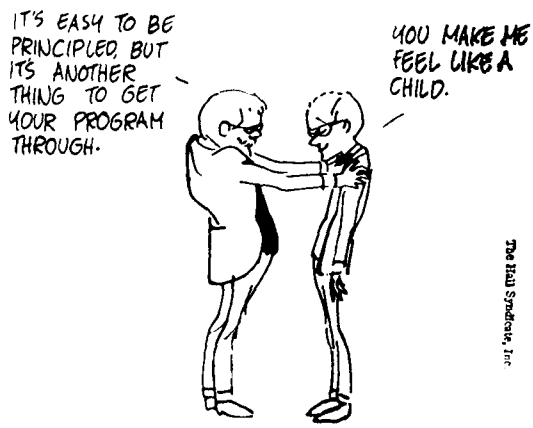
IT'S EASY TO BE PRINCIPLED, BUT IT'S ANOTHER THING TO GET YOUR PROGRAM THROUGH.
YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A CHILD.
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real Jip, the fourth member of a machine gun unit, has been incapacitated while drunkenly helping to plunder a Chinese pagoda; his three comrades need someone to conceal their own part in this hilariously funny crime; and Gay, "a man who can't say no," looks like the ideal fall guy. The soldiers, however, have to impress upon Gay the dangers of insisting on one's name; and they do so in a series of fast circus numbers, during which Gay is apprehended for selling a phoney elephant – tried, convicted, shot (with blanks), and forced to read a funeral oration over his own corpse. These tactics of terror are partially effective, but what really transforms Gay into Jip is the fate of the sadistic sergeant, Bloody Five. An army-manual martinet when the sun shines, Bloody Five cannot control his gargantuan lust when it rains; and in order to remain "myself," he is ultimately forced to shoot away his manhood. Gay, witnessing the violent consequences of being a "great personality," is finally convinced of the importance of being a cipher, for acquiescence means safety and survival. Wolfing down the rations of his three tormentors, he proceeds to blow up, singlehandedly, a Tibetan fortress. Gay equals Jip. Man equals Man. One man's the same as another.

"As has been demonstrated" – so ends a later version of the play – and reviewers have been inclined to criticize the QED simplicity of the plot line. But the simplicity lies in them – the play is exceedingly devious, its complexity rooted in the author's ambiguous feelings toward his own demonstration. For Brecht is saying both that the human will is weak and malleable, and that it is savage, brutal, and uncontrolled – that man is forced to conform by a cruel, oppressive society, and that he must conform in order to suppress the murder in his heart. Brecht's horrified awareness of external and internal anarchy accounts for his rejection of Romantic individualism, and it is the subject of all his early, semi-autobiographical work. In *Baal*, for example, he follows the career of a ruthless, bisexual poet who satisfies his instincts without conscience, and finally dies amidst offal and urine, declaring the the world is merely "the excrement of God"; in *In the Jungle of Cities*, he shows the awful consequences of maintaining personal opinions, concluding when his rebellious hereo repudiates his idealism in order to escape with his "naked life"; and in *Mann ist Mann*, he rejects altogether the chaos of personal identity, beginning to insist on the complete extinction of the personality. From this, it is only one step either to Communism or to Buddhism; and, as a matter of fact, Brecht commits himself to Communism like a submissive Buddhist monk, trying to lose himself in a process which will satisfy both his impulse to revolt, and his desire to discipline his terrifying aggressive impulses. But no matter how "rational," "scientific," and ideological the surface of his plays become, the depths are always rumbling with poetic intensity and Neo-Romantic horror, and those savage aggressions which Brecht could never quite subdue.

The two versions now on view at the Masque and the Living Theatre represent two stages in Brecht's continual revisions of the play. Eric Bentley's free adaptation of an earlier text emphasizes its comic-anarchistic elements, Gerhard Nellhaus' translation of a later variant, its more serious Marxist implications. Those interested in the development of Brecht's thinking will profit from both, for both are excellent. Both productions should also be seen, though for opposite reasons. Neither is excellent; and only between them can one begin to collate a satisfactory interpretation. John Hancock's production at the Masque has the advantage of a strong external concept, aided by Bentley's interpolated additions (including a wicked parody of *Gunga Din*). An amusing prologue and ironic legends introduce the action; the high button shoes, fringed dresses, and ratty fur pieces of the women evoke the smoky decadence of the Berlin cabarets; and the clever use of makeup illustrates first the contrast, then the union, between Gay and the others, as he gradually assumes the pasty white mask that everyone wears.

But the acting at the Masque is too casual and relaxed, not sufficiently ironic or styled. John Heffernan as Gay – too much the cornfed innocent throughout most of the evening – creates a fine surrealistic concluding scene in which he roars about the stage like a tank stripping its gears, and Clifton James occasionally suggests some of the bloated menace that should be in the soldiers. But the rest of the military seems to have been recruited from the Harvard ROTC (Bloody Five from the US Marines), and the whores tend to mince like Wellesley girls. At the Living Theatre, the acting is also indifferent; but at least it is not middle-class. Some of the performances are amateurish; some, like Joseph Chaikin's Galy Gay, too screechingly intense. Still, three characters leap from the stage with astonishing life: Warren Finnerty's fierce, cockney Bloody Five; William Shari's reptilian Uriah; Benjamin Hayeem's Mr. Wang, a nasal, whining, toothy, obsequious Oriental cartoon. And though Julian Beck's functional bamboo and canvas setting is more impressive than his direction, he does manage to get a harsh, macabre, dirty quality into the play which sometimes startles you into discomforted attention.

Mann ist Mann shows Brecht thumbing his nose at 19th Century ideals, which is to say, at the ideals held by most of the 20th Century West: freedom, heroism, liberalism, and the sanctity of "personal opinions." "An easy-going man can really have two or three different opinions at the same time," notes one cynical character – (if you doubt this, read a review by Howard Taubman) – and Brecht's agonized perception of the insignificance of the individual in a Copernican universe forms the basis both of his politics and of his art. Mass wars and mass states prove his contention; but his art belies it. For in writings like Brecht's, the complicated opinions of a highly gifted individual still find their expression, transformed into an enduring testament of unremitting revolt.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Lillian de la Torre *is a scholar and the author of erudite thrillers, including* Elizabeth is Missing *and* The Heir of Douglas. S. L. A. Marshall, *for many years a Brigadier General of the US Army, is an editorial writer for* The Detroit News. Sander Vanocur *is a White House correspondent for NBC.* Ralph Robin *is on the English faculty of American University.*

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The Singer's Art

In much of *Don Carlo*, Verdi operates with mere routine competence – this being true, for example, of the first act that is usually omitted but is included in the new performance on Deutsche Grammophon 18-760/3 and 138-760/3; and the second-act duet of Carlo and Rodrigo is appalling. But the work also has some of the most superbly accomplished and effective writing Verdi ever did. From earlier hearings I remembered Elisabetta's *"Tu che le vanità"* in the last act, with its grandeur that makes it unique in Verdi's writing; and the first scene of Act 4, beginning with Philip's *"Ella giammai m'amo,"* and continuing with his interview with the Grand Inquisitor, the confrontation of Philip and Elisabetta, the quartet, Eboli's confession, and her *"O don fatale."* And the new performance has made me aware of the extraordinary quality of other passages – notably the tremendous prelude to the last act that takes off from the wonderful minor-major phrase of the monks in Act 2, and the colloquies of Carlo and Elisabetta and of Philip and Rodrigo in Act 2. In these duets Verdi exhibits the same fully developed powers operating with the same incandescent mastery as in *Otello*, in writing that has the same flexible and free vocal phraseology and the same imaginatively resourceful orchestral invention as one hears in the later work. *Don Carlo* is, then, a work of which to say what Tovey said of certain flawed works of Schubert – that its highest qualities attained in important parts . . . are as indestructible by weaknesses elsewhere as if the weaknesses were the accidents of physical ruin."

The new performance is impressively effective, and much more so than the earlier one on Capitol GCR-7165, even though some of the voices are less good. Antonietta Stella, the Elisabetta in both performances, has acquired an unattractive timbre and a bad wobble in her upper range; Boris Christoff, the Philip, who in the earlier performance used his harsh bass at times with sensitive inflection, now bellows throughout, except in the first phrases of his soliloquy; the mezzo-soprano of Fiorenza Cossotto, the Eboli in the new performance, in full volume acquires a metallic quality that makes it less beautiful than Elena Nicolai's in the earlier performance; and the bass of Ivo Vinco, the Grand Inquisitor in the new performance, is, in its roughness, less agreeable than Giulio Neri's. But for Rodrigo there is now the superb baritone of Ettore Bastianini instead of the worn one of Tito Gobbi, and for Carlo there is the fine tenor of Flaviano Labo instead of the constricted and unpleasant one of Mario Filipescchi; moreover, all the singers in the new performance operate with an impressive style and authority that Stella, for one, didn't exhibit in the earlier one; and I attribute this to the amazing change in Gabriele Santini's conducting, which rattled off the earlier performance in routine fashion, but paces the new one more slowly and shapes it with exciting power and grandeur.

The Prelude to Act 3 of *Tristan und Isolde* is one of Wagner's most marvelous achievements; and out of its substance he fashioned also the song *Im* Triebhaus, which towers above the

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others of his five songs to texts of Mathilde Wesendonck. We have had Flagstad's great singing of them on London 5259 – an emission of lustrous and beautifully shaped vocal sound as natural as speech; and now Columbia ML-5733 and MS-6353 offer Eileen Farrell's singing of them, also extraordinarily beautiful most of the time, in its different style. It is, most of the time, quiet, intimate singing in *mezza voce*, with richly detailed inflection of the line of lovely vocal sound that is spun out in long-breathed phrases; but now and then there is excited singing in which the voice becomes lusterless and tremulous and the phrasing explosive and jagged. Leonard Bernstein provides a good orchestral context with the New York Philharmonic.

Though Maria Stader's soprano has lost much of its former warmth it is still a very fine voice, which she uses with musical skill in beautifully shaped phrases in the arias from Bach's St. John and St. Matthew Passions, Handel's *Messiah* and *Joshua*, Haydn's *Creation* and *The Seasons*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* that she sings (all in German) on Deutsche Grammophon 19-261 and 136-261. Earl Richter provides excellent orchestral contexts with the Munich Bach Orchestra.

The performance of Mozart's Requiem on Deutsche Grammophon 18-767 and 138-767 is paced and shaped well by von Karajan, and has good singing by the Vienna Singverein and fine playing by the Berlin Philharmonic; but Wilma Lipp's soprano is threadbare and tremulous, Hilda Roessl-Majdan's contralto also is worn, Walter Berry's bass is unattractive, and only Anton Dermota's tenor still exhibits some of its original beauty.

Those who love the finely wrought vocal polyphony of the 15th Century more passionately than I will find it sung with admirably transparent vocal sound and sensitive inflection by the Renaissance Chorus under Harold Brown's direction on Baroque 9003 (mono only), which has Johannes Martini's *Magnificat*, the *Credo* and *Gloria* of Obrecht's *Missa Je ne Demande* and Ockeghem's *Credo Sine Nomine*, and on 9004, which has Ockeghem's *Missa Mi-Mi* and the Kyrie from Obrecht's *Missa Salve Diva Parens*.

B. H. Haggin

Correspondence

Cuba's Revolutions

Sirs:

It may perhaps be of some present and historical interest if I add a footnote to one of Tad Szulc's remarks in his kind review of my book, *Castro's Revolution* (September 17).

Mr. Szulc pointed out that, as late as May, 1959, one of the leading Latin American Communists, Luis Corvalan of Chile, publicly referred to Castro's movement as "bourgeois progressive," worthy of Communist sympathies.

I may be able to go him one better.

As late as October, 1959, the Cuban Communist leader Blas Roca stated that "the most advanced elements of the radical sector of the petty-bourgeoisie" still exercised "the hegemony of the revolution."

And as late as June, 1960, the equally well-known Cuban Communist leader Juan Marinello wrote in the official French Communist organ: "It was clear that the triumphant revolution was directed by the 'radicalized' urban petty bourgeoisie – students, members of the liberal professions – with an important participation of the national bourgeoisie which was not compromised with imperialism and a strong intervention of the peasantry and proletariat . . . Power continues to be in the hands of the petty bourgeoisie, with the participation of certain layers of the national bourgeoisie, but its conduct is notably difierent from what it was in the first period of its existence."

And I notice that the latest orthodox interpreter of Castro's regime, Prof. Joseph P. Murray, is putting out a book in which he will argue that there have been two revolutions in Cuba. The first, which occurred with the flight of Batista in January, 1959, installed "a liberal, bourgeois Republic," and the second, more recent, has produced a "socialist Revolution, corresponding to the October Revolution of 1917. . . ."

We may all soon agree that Castro achieved power basically as a result of a middle-class revolution which for a number of reasons got away from the middle class.

Theodore Draper
New York City

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THE VITAL DIFFERENCE...

between progress and stagnation, between a Congress responsive to national needs and one throttled by the Coalition, will be made in elections to the House of Representatives this fall.

- **It depends – as a practical matter – on what happens in fewer than 10 percent of the 435 Congressional districts.**
- **It depends on whether the forward-looking candidates in marginal districts have funds to match their opponents' radio and TV time, mailings, etc.**
- **It depends on whether enough well-informed and concerned citizens like *you* assume responsibility for making this possible.**
- **It depends, perhaps, on YOU.**

The *Democratic Study Group* is an organization of the liberal members of the House of Representatives which has had tremendous impact upon Congressional events in the past three years. It coordinates liberal policy, provides research to back it up, and has an efficient whip system which insures that all the members are on the floor for important votes.

Since its formation in 1959, the Democratic Study Group has been responsible for breaking the conservative stranglehold on the powerful Rules Committee, forcing the creation of the Democratic Steering Committee, and compelling the consideration of much important legislation.

At the core of the Group are the 90 Congressmen who are directly dependent upon public approval – who do not come from one-party districts in the south or in the big cities (where nomination is tantamount to election). They are elected from districts in the north and west that were traditionally Republican prior to the New Deal – and that are the true battleground of modern Congressional elections.

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The Group will suffer whatever losses this election may inflict on House Democrats, and it will be enlarged by whatever victories are achieved.

• • • •

We, who have served in the House and know its present importance, regard it as essential that this year the Democratic Study Group be enlarged.

Deciding which are the most significant campaigns among all that are underway is most difficult. The National Committee for an Effective Congress has concluded that about one-quarter of the members of the Democratic Study Group face especially difficult races; and a number of potential new Group members are challenging and have real prospects of defeating some of the most die-hard adherents of the Coalition.

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